THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For MAY, 1801.

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5 MUSIC—Invocation to Happiness: Written by Miss More, and set to Music by Mr. W. Barre.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Tale of *The Three Brothers of Bagdad* is intended for our next.

Eugenia's Essay is received, and shall have a place.

C. B. Z. may observe that we no longer insert Enigmatical Lists.

The Lines addressed to Miss R. F. are very incorrect.

The Poem entitled *The Invitation* has many very good lines, but requires revision and correction.

The Elegy to the Memory of Miss Mary Francis; the Epitaph on Elizabeth Gray; Emma's Visit to her Mother's Tomb; and Spring Morn, addressed to Anna—are received.

THE
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THE RASH ATTEMPT;
A TALE.
(With an elegant Engraving.)

A LUXURIOUS, extravagant, and dissolute life, not unfrequently terminates in a miserable death: at all events real enjoyment is sacrificed for its shadow, and disgrace and want at length ensue. Happy those whom the sufferings they have thus brought on themselves reclaim from the paths of profusion and vice, and restore to those of moderation and virtue, which alone lead to true happiness!

Charles Winslow was the only son of an opulent merchant of the city of London, and by the death of his father became possessed of a very considerable fortune at the age of twenty-three. He immediately renounced all connection with any kind of trade, purchased an estate with a splendid seat in the country keeping at the same time a sumptuous house in town, kept hounds, hunters, running-horses, and lived in every respect in the very first style. This profuse expenditure, though the property left him by his father was very great, at length involved him in considerable debts, which, as he already lived beyond his annual income, it was impossible for him to discharge without a greater curtailment of his establishments, and a stricter œconomy, than he could condescend to adopt, or some extraneous assistance.

In a case of this extremity, marriage becomes, in the fashionable world, an unavoidable resource.—Mr. Winslow, therefore, cast his eyes around to discover some young lady whose fortune might be sufficient to satisfy the importunate demands of his creditors, and enable him to continue for some years longer the same giddy round of dissipation and folly. Fortune was so propitious to him that he did not seek long before he found what he wished, in the aimable daughter of Mr. Mowbray, an opulent country gentleman, who had been the intimate friend of his father. As Mr. Winslow possessed elegant personal accomplishments, the most polite manners, and an insinuating address; and as, besides, to say the whole truth, he was not deficient in understanding or in generous sentiments, and his only vice was his love of luxurious dissipation and ostentatious expense,—though this vice, with respect to its effect in leading him to ruin, well supplied the place of all others,—he soon made an impression on the heart of the tender and innocent Maria, and gained her consent to be united to him for life. The approbation of Mr. Mowbray was likewise soon obtained, though he hesitated somewhat more than his daughter, from a suspicion that Mr. Winslow lived in too expensive a style for his fortune to defray; yet as he did not attempt to inquire into the real state of

of his affairs, and there was as yet no external appearance of any diminution either of affluence or credit, he would not give a refusal to the man on whom his daughter evidently seemed to have placed her affections, and the marriage accordingly took place.

By this event the clear sum of thirty thousand pounds, which had been left to Maria by an uncle, came into the hands of Mr. Winslow. This was fully sufficient to satisfy his creditors, and to enable him to continue and even increase his extravagance and profusion. Much additional expense was incurred on account of his marriage. The old mansion-house in the country was pulled down and rebuilt, and the grounds about it were laid out in the modern taste; new furniture, equally sumptuous, elegant, and fashionably novel, was purchased; and nothing omitted, conducive either to real convenience or ostentatious magnificence, that money could procure.

In the winter an expense equally enormous was incurred in town.—Entertainments of every kind, card-parties, assemblies, routs, were continually given in a style the most costly and profuse. The invitations to most of these were in the name of the aimable and gentle Maria, though they were little agreeable to her taste; but she could no otherwise satisfy her husband's love of ostentation. Play, too, in which many people of the first fashion, who honoured Mr. Winslow with their company, were much more profoundly skilled than he was, drew no inconsiderable sums from his rapidly-diminishing fortune.

After two or three years of a life like this, it may be naturally imagined that the circumstances of Mr. Winslow became much embarrassed. He had recourse to mortgages, and borrowing money at interest, with extravagant premiums, till, all these resources failing, the hungry meagre fiend Want pursued him close at his heels. His estates were sold, one after the other, and at length an execution came into his house to take all the property that remained to him. Overwhelmed with this complete ruin, and plunged in despair, he swallowed poison which he had purposely procured to end the misery his imprudence had brought upon himself.

But no sooner did the dreadful dose begin to operate, than the excruciating pains he endured, and the awful expectation of approaching dissolution, threw him into a most violent agony. His groans quickly brought to him the aimable Maria, whose terror and distress may be more easily imagined than described. Immediate medical assistance was procured; but the poison was of so virulent a kind, and had been so long swallowed, that the physician, after he had afforded him all the aid in his power, expressed but very feeble hopes of his recovery. The severity of his pains were indeed abated, but he was so faint and languid that scarcely any life was left in him. In this melancholy situation, when his strength at intervals returned, he would recline his distracted head on the bosom of his weeping wife, and exclaim: 'Oh, dearest, much-injured Maria! how does the prospect of death, and that unknown state into which I am about to plunge, change all my ideas!—how utterly do I now contemn that senseless pride and ostentation for which I have bartered my peace of mind, my life, and my hope of happiness hereafter! how do I now abhor the rash and wicked attempt I have made on my life; for most wicked it certainly must be, since it was my duty to soothe and render

you

you all the service in my power, and not thus to desert and leave you plunged in all the wretchedness I had brought upon you!—But it is now too late—too late!'

The violence of his feelings choaked his utterance, and he sank down in an agony of remorse and despair.

He continued in this feeble state a considerable time, during which Mr. Mowbray, the father of Maria, frequently visited him, and endeavoured to console him, for he entertained the greatest hopes that his repentance was sincere, and that he would no more relapse into his former follies. Mr. Mowbray had privately bought up several portions of his estates, when they were offered to sale to satisfy his creditors and support his extravagance, though he found it entirely in vain to attempt to preserve him from the ruin into which he was plunging. With these he now presented him, and restored him—if not to his first state of affluence, at least to a comfortable independence. By degrees the constitution of Mr. Winslow triumphed over the injury that had been done to it, and he completely recovered his health. The affection his Maria had proved that she entertained for him, by her anxious attendance on him during his sufferings and illness, inspired his heart with the most ardent love for her; the kind and generous behaviour of Mr. Mowbray filled him with gratitude; and he afterwards enjoyed, in rural retirement, a felicity he had never known amid the giddy scenes of dissipation and ostentatious profusion.

ANECDOTE.

THE celebrated Charles-Anthony Domat, author of a voluminous treatise on the civil laws, was promoted to the office of a judge of the provincial court of Clermont, in the territory of Auvergne, in the south of France. In this court he presided, with the public applause, for twenty-four years.

One day, a poor widow brought an action against the baron de Nairac, her landlord, for turning her out of a mill, which was her sole dependence. M. Domat heard the cause; and finding, by the clearest evidence, that she had ignorantly broken a covenant in the lease, which gave a power of re-entry, he recommended mercy to the baron for a poor honest tenant, who had not wilfully transgressed, or done him any material injury. Nairac, however, being inexorable, the judge was obliged to pronounce a decree of ejectment, with the damages mentioned in the lease, and costs of suit; but he could not pronounce this just but cruel sentence without tears.

When an order of seizure, both of person and effects, was added, the poor widow exclaimed—'Oh, just and righteous God! be thou a father to the widow and her helpless orphans!' and immediately fainted away.

The compassionate judge assisted in raising the unfortunate woman; and, after inquiring into her character, number of children, and other circumstances, generously presented her with a hundred louis-d'ors, the amount of the damages and costs, which he prevailed on the baron to accept as a full compensation, and to let the widow again enter upon her mill.

'Oh, my lord!' said the poor woman, 'when will you demand payment, that I may lay up for that purpose?'

'When my conscience,' replied M. Domat, 'shall tell me that I have done an improper act.'

THE

THE IMPERIAL BED.

AMONG the many new inventions which characterise the present age, we know of nothing so well deserving notice as the new-invented bed, which has lately made its appearance in the higher circles of fashionable life. The taste, elegance, and ingenuity, therein displayed, may deservedly rank the imperial bed among the most superb and beautiful articles which have lately appeared.

The following is a particular description of one valued at five hundred pounds. It is a four-post bedstead, about fourteen feet high; the pillars are beautifully painted in *trelliaze* work and reeds; the head-board forms a curve at each end, and is made of satin wood, painted and inlaid. Draperies of light blue silk overhang, with silk fringe and silver tassels. The foot-board is exactly the same. The vallance and tassels appear in rich double festoons, with superb fringe, showing, alternately, the lining and the outside furniture, which consists of the Turk's-head-cap chintz. The curtains and draperies are bordered with an inlay of blue Stormont, and the whole is lined with a fine yellow calico, with sprigs or flowers. The tester is supported inside by several elegant coves finely painted, a basket of flowers in the centre, and winged busts of Mercury on each side. It is finished with a gilt moulding. The tester, head-cloth, and the head and foot-boards, are quilled with calico, to suit the curtains. The curtains are looped up round the posts with ornamental screws; the hangings on the inside exhibit fourteen festoons or draperies. The down-bed rests on three wool-mattresses, and under is a pallias, which raises the bed about four feet high. The bedding is covered with a superb counterpane of the same chintz as the curtains bordered in pannels, on an inlay of Stormont, and finished on the sides with festoons to the floor, instead of a plain vallance. The cornice on the outside finishes this magnificent and beautiful bed. It is of a noble size, and painted in a very superb style, with a tablet in relief, the frieze of which is *à la Greque*, with Turk's-cap twinings and mouldings, in burnished gold.

IDDA *of* TOKENBURG.

(Continued from page 175.)

'IN the evening Idda went secretly from the castle to the tower in which was the dungeon, to wait the arrival of her beloved Henry. About midnight she heard a noise among the bushes, and repaired to the spot whence it proceeded. Tokenburg had advanced alone to reconnoitre the number and situation of the guards, for as yet no report had reached him of what had passed at Kiburg. When Idda came forward, the count knew her person, but could not believe his eyes. At length she exclaimed "Tokenburg!" and, with a rapturous cry of joy, he rushed into her arms. The feelings of Idda stifled her words, and Tokenburg, with a kind of violence, drew her down the rock without listening to what she said.

"Here is Idda, father!" exclaimed he, and gave the trembling maiden into the arms of Kirchberg.

'Think, Julia, what must have been the transports of these three happy friends!

'Idda now related all that had passed, while Tokenburg and her father listened eagerly, without interrupting her; only the former sometimes

sometimes clasped her in his arms, or threw himself on the ground and kissed the edge of her garment.—Her father raised his eyes to heaven; and, when she had ended, pressed her to his bosom. He then left her, and walked alone between the rocks. After some time he returned.

"Tokenburg," said he, with the greatest emotion, "Kiburg is a noble-minded man. Oh! we ought not to gratify without restraint our anger and our vengeance, because it is in our power. Moments may succeed when we shall regret the acts in which we once rejoiced.—What would I not now give and do, that my sword had not been stained with the blood of the young count Kiburg!"

'When the morning rose, Tokenburg proposed to return.

"No," said the aged Kirchberg, "I must first go yonder," pointing to Kiburg.—"Return to Kirchberg," exclaimed he to his soldiers.

'He and Tokenburg, with Idda between them, then took the road to Kiburg, and were admitted by the guard at the gate. Idda led her father and her lover into the garden to the grave of the youth they had slain.

"Wait here for me," said she, and immediately hastened into the castle.

'She requested the old count to follow her into the garden, and brought him, by a side-walk, to the grave of his son. Kiburg now stood before his two most implacable enemies, and trembled. The aged Kirchberg took off his helmet, and laid it on the grave.

"Kiburg," said he, sinking on his knee, "I have slain your son; and I here offer my grey head to your vengeance. You are a truly noble man: you are more just than I."

'Tokenburg and Idda kneeled on the other side before the aged count, who looked in silence, first on one and then on the other, till at length he extended his hand to Idda, and said, with much emotion, "I have sworn to thee, Idda, and I will keep my oath. Vengeance I renounce. Tell that to those who have slain my son!"

'He now offered to go; but Kirchberg, embracing his knees, exclaimed, "No, Kiburg; by heaven! no; here on the grave of thy son will I continue: no inclemency of the skies shall drive me hence till thou hast forgiven me." He threw himself on the grave, shedding a torrent of tears.

'Kiburg reached out his hand to him, and said, in a low voice, "I forgive thee, Kirchberg; but now let me go: else wilt thou force me to love thee."

'The aged Kirchberg flew to him with open arms. Kiburg stood for some time doubtful; but at length he met his embrace; then tore himself violently away, and left him.—After some hours the reconciliation was complete.

"Oh!" said both the fathers, "had we sooner known how sweet forgiveness is, we had not shed such bitter tears!" They frequently repeated their embraces, and at length separated perfect friends.

'In the evening Kirchberg returned home with his daughter and her lover. Tokenburg was alone with Idda, who tenderly observed to him that he scarcely appeared to be sufficiently sensible of the magnanimity of the old count Kiburg.

"How could it be expected that I should be, my Idda?" exclaimed Tokenburg. "How could I feel, how think of any thing but the exalted affection and resolution of her who exposed herself to death for my sake! Oh, Idda! now I know thy love—now I know thy constancy!"

"Now, for the first time," replied Idda.

Idda, with a smile, "couldst thou ever doubt that I loved thee?"

"I have, indeed, doubted, Idda; for how many men have been deceived by women!——But now—now, though an angel should descend from heaven, and swear, by the awful mysteries of our religion, that thou wert false to me, I would brand him as a liar. Nay, though with my own eyes I should see thee in the arms of another, I would believe it to be hellish inchantment, and not doubt thy fidelity."

"That must thou not, that canst thou not; for the least doubt of that kind would render me as wretched as thy death. Oh, no, Tokenburg, thou canst not so reward me!"

"No, by heavens! no; I now know thy heart: I have seen it too open to leave the possibility of doubt. No, Idda, the tranquillity of my mind is now for ever secured."

Julia here interrupted her friend, by exclaiming—'Oh, if he could *yet* doubt! if he could yet'——

'Hear, Julia, with patience, the remainder of her history.

'A few days after the priest joined the hands of the two lovers, and blessed the bond of their eternal fidelity.

'So happy was no man throughout Switzerland as count Henry of Tokenburg when Idda became his in the presence of God and man. With princely pomp he led her home to his castle. Aged knights from far and near repaired to Kirchberg to see the faithful Idda, the affectionate Idda, and accompany the retinue which attended her home.

"This is she!" exclaimed they, as they rode to Tokenburg; "the constant, the courageous Idda; who offered her life to rescue her lover!"

'The harpers celebrated the event in their songs, and the name of Idda was proclaimed by fame in all the country around. Every maiden swore to her lover that she would be as faithful to him as Idda was to count Henry of Tokenburg, and that oath was sufficient to remove every doubt.

'For eight successive days count Tokenburg celebrated his marriage with Idda with sumptuous banquets and tournaments, to which all the owners of castles and knights were invited from a great distance around. But Idda still continued to act as she had ever been accustomed.—She came seldom to the feasts and tournaments, and when she did she remained but for a moment; and, instead of her, the young countess of Kiburg returned the thanks that were due to the congratulations of the company. When she appeared all the knights surrounded her, eager to see so extraordinary a woman, and were loud in her praises to each other. Idda noticed not their praises, but behaved with modest silence and discreet reserve. Count Henry thanked all the saints that he was in possession of so aimable and excellent a wife.

'Idda now passed her days in domestic industry, and tranquil love of her husband. She was ever mild, gentle, and affectionate; and the count found certain consolation in her love and prudence, if any care oppressed his heart, or any obstacles opposed his undertakings. When he was absent, the castle-gates were shut and guarded, the draw-bridge let down, Idda retired to her chamber, and the castle appeared as if deserted. She scarcely knew the 'squires and attendants of the count; her husband was almost the only man she saw, and by whom she was seen. Tokenburg left his castle and his beloved Idda but seldom, and when he parted from her tears always started into his eyes.

(To be continued.)

Some Account *of* Lavater *the celebrated Physiognomist.*

Lavater, who lately died at Zurich, has been, for many years, one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was a humble country clergyman, of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment.

In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame, in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations, in this way, much farther than any other person had before advanced. Success inflamed his imagination; and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observation, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for the multitude: every man was eager to learn to read his neighbour's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, even in Britain, all the world became passionate admirers of the physiognomical science of Lavater.

His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many editions. A servant would, at one time, scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted, in careful comparison, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The same system was eagerly translated into the French language: and, as the insight into character and secret intention which it promised was infinitely grateful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

Two well executed translations naturalised the same books of Lavater in the English language: this naturalisation was requisite to show us the fallacy of his pretensions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no scientific principles, even the occasional effusions of sublimity and pathos which those books displayed, might interest the curious remarker on human genius and character; but served, at the same time, to evince to the sound sense and shrewd discernment of Englishmen, that physiognomy was but an idle study, the amusement—it might be—of the wise; the delusion of fools. The multitude run ever in extremes; and, notwithstanding the labours of Dr. H. Hunter and Mr. Holcroft, the writings of Lavater have been since treated, in England, with a slighting disregard that does injustice to their genuine merits.

The physiognomical delirium of the weak excited also in Germany the derision of the witty and the wise. The Physiognomical Travels, or Physiognomical Quixote of the

the celebrated Musæus, the Preceptor of Kotzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and pursuits of Lavater and his physiognomical disciples; and though to an Englishman its humour may not appear very happy, nor its wit admirably lively and pointed, yet its effect was in Germany powerful to the confusion of Lavaterism, and it raised its author at once to a splendid literary reputation.

But even after the first charm had been dissolved Lavater still retained many disciples. He continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers passing near the place of his residence. By some of his adversaries he was idly and unjustly accused as an insidious jesuit, who, under pretensions about physiognomy, pursued some vast and mischievous designs. His theological opinions took a colour from his physiognomical ones, and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task.

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(Continued from p. 186.)

LETTER XXIV.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

THE very numerous members of the rat genus, which possess no very interesting or entertaining qualities, will induce me to specify their respective properties as briefly as possible. The animals of this class or genus have two cutting teeth in each jaw; four toes on the fore feet, and five on the hind; a very slender taper tail, naked, or very slightly clothed with hair. As the means of distinguishing their peculiarities, the first species in this genus of animals is styled jerboid, from the extraordinary length of their hind legs.

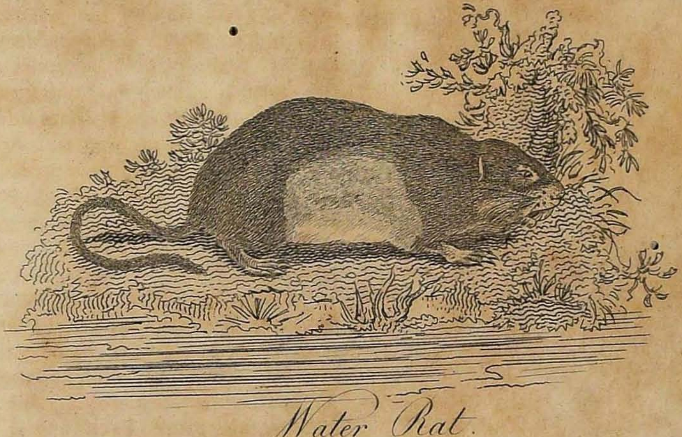
JERBOID LABRADOR RAT.

This animal has a blunt nose; the mouth placed far beneath; upper lip divided; ears large, naked, and round; fore legs short, on each four toes, and a protuberance instead of a thumb; the hind legs are long, and naked, like the jerboas; the thumb short; the toes long, slender, and distinct, the exterior the shortest. The length of the jerboid from nose to tail is about three inches and a quarter; the tail is four inches and three quarters long. The colour is deep brown above, and white beneath. The whole length of the body is separated by a yellow line on each side.

This species inhabit Hudson's-bay and the Labrador coast; and also, according to Dr. Pallas, the regions between the Wolga and the Yaik, near the Caspian Sea. They burrow, and form a habitation with three entrances. Those found in Asia vary in colour from the natives of the new continent, being on the upper part of the body of a light gray hue mixed with tawny, and white underneath. The upper and lower regions are also separated by a stripe of dusky red, and the tail covered with longer and looser hair. To this variety may also be added another, called the Circassian rat. This animal has ears resembling those of a mouse; sharp teeth, and red sparkling eyes; a long body of an equal thickness; chesnut-coloured hair, long on the back; sharp

Engraved for the Ladys Magazine.

Common Rat.



Water Rat.

Musk Rat.

sharp claws, and long bushy tail: the size is nearly that of the Hamster. This kind is found in the vicinage of the river Terek, which issues from Circassia, and falls into the Caspian Sea. They burrow, run fast up hill, and but very slowly down.

THE TAMARISK RAT.

The tamarisk rat has an oblong head; great whiskers; blunt nose, and nostrils covered with a valve or flap; yellow teeth; large brown eyes; ears naked, oval, and large; space round the nose and eyes and beyond the ears white; short neck; sides of the head and neck hoary; back and sides of a yellowish gray hue; tips of the hairs brown; breast and belly white; tail cinereous, on the upper part half annulated with brown; the hind legs long, on the fore feet a warty excrescence instead of a thumb. The body is about six inches long, the tail not quite that length.

This species inhabit the salt marshes in the vicinage of the Lower Yaik or Ural, and burrow under the knotty roots of the tamarisk bushes; each subterraneous recess is very deep, and has two entrances. They subsist on succulent marine plants.

The next class of rats are termed murine, and comprehend all the common species.

THE BLACK RAT.

This animal is of a deep iron gray colour, approaching to black; the belly is of a cinereous colour; the legs dusky, and almost destitute of hair; on the fore feet is a claw in lieu of a fifth toe; the length from nose to tail is seven inches; the tail is nearly eight inches long. This species inhabit most parts of Europe, but are less abundant than formerly, and in many countries are extirpated. The propensities of the rat species are too well known to require elaborate discussion. I shall therefore only observe, that they are peculiarly destructive to young poultry, rabbits, and pigeons; corn, furniture, and various domestic articles, and will also gnaw the extremities of children when they find them sleeping. The female brings forth several times in the year, and has usually six or seven young at a litter; she makes her nest of cloth or straw, in some convenient recess. The weasel is the greatest enemy rats have to encounter, though the following species have greatly tended to the diminution of this annoying tribe. They were introduced to the southern parts of the new continent by the Europeans, and now infest those regions, and thereby prove incommodious to the inhabitants of those climes.

There appears to be a small variety of this kind about the Wolga, which are so minute as scarcely to weigh seven drams. Dr. Forster asserts, that common black rats swarm in Otaheite and the Society Islands, New Zealand, and New Holland. In Otaheite they are held in abhorrence, and the natives will not destroy them, lest they should be polluted by touching them, which occasions them to be so bold; they attack the human species when they are asleep; in these countries they subsist on the native fruits.

THE BROWN RAT.

The head, back, and sides of this animal are of a light brown hue, mixed with tawny and ash-colour; the breast and belly are of a dirty white; the feet are naked, and of a dull flesh-colour; the fore feet are furnished with four toes, and a claw in lieu of a fifth; the length from nose to tail is nine inches;

inches; the tail is of the same dimensions.

This species inhabit the greater part of Europe, in which regions they were not known till the present century; they abound in Persia, where they burrow in the open lands, and in Hyrcania inhabit the porcupine's deserted nests. In general, these animals burrow like the water-rat, on the banks of ponds or ditches. They swim and dive with dexterity, subsist on grain, yet are destructive to poultry and game. They are very prolific, as the female often produces from fourteen to eighteen young at a litter. They are not only fierce, but courageous; as, when they are pursued, they have often the audacity to turn and seize the stick or hand of those that molest them. They dwell in fields great part of the year, but migrate in numerous bodies into houses, which they often undermine, and cause to fall. They have extirpated the black rat in most countries, as their strength is superior.

THE AMERICAN RAT.

The American rat has the upper jaw much longer than the lower; narrow pointed nose; long head; large naked ears; long fine whiskers; tail naked, like that of the black rat, but not so long. The colour is a deep brown, on the belly inclining to an ash hue. The hair is rougher than that of the preceding species. The dimensions are intermediate between those of the black and brown kind.

This species inhabits the northern parts of the new continent; whether it is wild or approaches human habitations is not ascertained. The mus caraco, described by Dr. Pallas, appears too similar to this species to be separated; the latter are found in great abundance about Lake Baikal, and are imagined to be diffused as far as China, where they burrow in the banks of rivers.

THE WATER RAT.

This animal, in habitudes and propensities, approaches nearer to the otter than to any other quadruped; as it frequents the margins of rivers and brooks, and subsists chiefly on fishes and their fry, frogs, water insects, and the roots of aquatic plants. Though he is not webfooted, he swims with great speed and agility, keeps long under water, dives for prey, and carries it to the shore, or to his hole, to afford him a repast. The water rat, in his exterior form, has some resemblance to the beaver; he is about the size of a common rat; has a thick obtuse nose; small eyes; ears hid in the fur; yellow teeth; on each foot five toes, the inner one, on the fore feet, very small, and the first joint remarkably flexible. The head and body are covered with long black hairs, intermingled with some of a ferruginous hue; the belly is of an iron gray cast; the tail covered with short black hairs, the extremity whitish. The length from nose to tail is seven inches; the tail is only five inches long. This species are diffused over the northern latitudes of Asia and America. The females have six or seven young ones at a litter. The flesh of these animals is eaten in France on maigre days—probably only by the peasants.

THE MOUSE.

The word rattus, which implies a rat, is of modern fabrication and date; as the ancient Romans specified the whole genus by the term mus, which signifies a mouse. That species to which the appellation of mouse is peculiarly annexed is on a smaller scale, yet has the same propensities and habits as the rat varieties.

rieties. From the circumstance of being weaker, they are more timid, consequently less destructive in their operations. Notwithstanding these animals are considered as vermin, they have a pleasing form, harmless disposition, and a capability of being tamed; yet either from fear, or defect of susceptibility, manifest no attachment to their benefactors. These animals are too well known to require a minute description. Their skin is sleek, their eyes brilliant, and their form compact; constituting rather a pleasing than disgusting appearance; therefore the dislike many persons have to them proceeds rather from prejudice than from any noxious qualities they possess. There are some varieties in this species; but all are whitish on the belly. Some differ in their colour, being of a deeper or lighter shade, and others are uniformly white; the latter, like most other animals of that hue, have red eyes. These animals are generally diffused, and are found in all parts of the world, except the arctic latitudes. They are more numerous than the rat species, and from their inability to make defence, and the depredations they commit on the common articles of food, they have many enemies to encounter; as the feline tribe, rats, and birds of prey, are peculiarly hostile to them, and various snares are also laid for their destruction. Mice never come from their holes but in quest of food, and return thither on the slightest alarm; their natural agility, and minute dimensions, qualifying them for precipitate retreat. They usually follow the human species, and infest domestic dwellings. These little animals are very prolific, as the female brings forth at all seasons, and several times in the year. Their litter usually consists of five or six at a birth, which, in the short space of fifteen days, acquire sufficient strength to provide for their own support. It is probable, from their attaining maturity thus early, that their existence is of short duration.

THE FIELD MOUSE.

This and the succeeding species have often been distinguished by the appellations of the long-tailed and less long-tailed field mouse. This animal is of an intermediate size between the rat and common mouse, and differs from those quadrupeds by not infesting houses, as it ranges at large in the fields and woods. It has prominent black eyes; its head, back, and sides, are of a yellowish-brown hue, intermixed with some dusky hairs. The breast is of an ochre colour; the belly white. The tail is four inches long, and slightly covered with hair. The length of the body four inches and a half. This species live in dry, elevated situations, and are found in great abundance in the woods and neighbouring fields; they retire into holes under brushwood, and the trunks of trees, and amass greater quantities of acorns, nuts, and beech mast, for their winter sustenance, than they can possibly devour. They materially injure nurseries, or young plantations of trees, eat the short-tailed field mouse, and various kinds of birds; and, when they are not amply supplied with food, prey on their own species. The female brings forth more than once in the year, and has often nine or ten young at a litter. This species is dispersed throughout all the European regions; wolves, foxes, birds of prey, and weasels, are their natural enemies. They make a nest for the reception of their offspring near the surface of the earth, or in a tuft of grass. There is an American variety of this species.

THE

THE HARVEST MOUSE.

This is evidently the less long-tailed field-mouse; it has not such prominent eyes as the former kind. It has projecting ears, of a dark ferruginous hue above, and white underneath: a straight line, in a lateral direction, divides the colours.—The tail is slightly clothed with hair. Its length, from nose to tail, is two inches and a half. The tail is two inches long, and the weight of the animal only one-sixth part of an ounce. This species seem peculiar to Hampshire, where they appear in numerous bodies in harvest-time. They never infest houses, but dwell in hay-ricks, and in the winter season burrow very deep in the earth. The female has usually eight young at a litter, for which she prepares a nest among the standing-corn.

THE ORIENTAL MOUSE.

This elegant little animal is but half the size of a common mouse. It has round naked ears. Its colour is gray. The back and sides are beautifully marked with twelve rows of pearl-coloured spots, extending from the head to the rump.—The tail is the length of the body. This species inhabit the East Indies; where, as well as in Guinea, there is a small kind which emit the scent of musk. The bite of these animals is reported to be venomous.

THE BARBARY MOUSE.

This species are less than the common mouse. They are of a brown hue, and marked on the back with ten slender stripes. They have three toes, with claws on the fore feet. The tail is the length of the body.

THE MEXICAN MOUSE.

This animal is of a whitish hue blended with red; the head is of a whitish colour; and each side of the belly marked with a large red spot.

THE VIRGINIAN MOUSE.

The Virginian mouse has a pointed nose and ears, the latter black; long whiskers; and slender, weak limbs. The tail at the base is thick, and gradually decreases till it terminates in a point: it is clothed with long hair. The hair on the body is short, and uniformly white.

THE WANDERING MOUSE.

From a propensity to migrate in the night, this species have obtained the appellation of 'wandering mice.' They inhabit the whole extent of the Tartarian deserts, where they subsist in the clefts of rocks, or the hollows of trees. They are of a frigid temperament, and soon become torpid. Even in the summer they sleep rolled up to exclude the cold. It is evident they have a carnivorous as well as granivorous appetite, as they prey on their own species when urged by hunger.—The 'wandering mouse' has a long head; an obtuse nose, with a red lip; and yellow cutting teeth, the upper ones truncated. The eyes are placed immediately between the nose and ears, which are large, oval, and naked, with the tips dusky and downy. Their limbs are slender. On the fore feet is a warty excrescence of a conic form, instead of a thumb. The tail is longer than the body, and very slender. The colour of the upper part of the body a pale ash, intermingled and waved with black. Along the back to the tail a black line extends. The extremities of the limbs are of a whitish colour. The length from nose to tail is between two and three inches. The tail is near three inches long. As these animals often traverse the country in great flocks, they have by the Tartars been denominated 'gregarious mice.'

THE BEECH MOUSE.

The beech mouse is less than the wandering kind. It has a sharp nose red at the tip; small ears of a brown hue, and bristly at the end. The limbs are slender; the toes long and distinctly separate; the tail is very long, exceeding the length of the body: it is brown on the upper part, and white underneath. The colour of the head and body is a cinereous rust, with a few dusky hairs interspersed. The breast and belly are of a pale ash hue.—On the ridge of the back is a dusky line. This animal inhabits the birch woods in the vicinage of the plains of Ischim and Baraba, and between the Oby and Jenesei.—They live in the concavities of decayed trees, are very tender, and fall into a torpid state in cold weather. They not only run up trees with great agility, but adhere to the boughs with their tail, and with their fingers or toes can attach themselves to any smooth surface.

THE RUSTIC MOUSE.

This animal has a pointed nose, an oblong head, and small ears lined with fur. The colour of the body and head is ferruginous, with a dusky line along the middle region of the back; the belly and limbs are of a whitish hue. Above each hind foot is a dusky circle. The rustic mouse is in size less than the field mouse. The tail is only half the length of the body. This species inhabit the temperate regions of Russia and Siberia, as far as the Irtish: in the former country they chiefly dwell in the environs of villages and fields; in the latter principally in woods. In Russia they frequently migrate, and, from their depredations on grain, are called 'corn mice.' At particular periods they appear in great numbers, but at the approach of winter vanish. Their habitations are but a little way under the surface of the earth, and are made in the form of a gallery, with an apartment at the end, where they deposit their winter sustenance, which consists of various kinds of seed.

THE LITTLE MOUSE.

The 'little mouse' has a sharp nose; it is of a dusky hue, and white at the corners of the mouth. The ears are small, and nearly hid in the fur. The body is of a more slender construction than that of the common mouse, and the tail is shorter and thinner. The colour on the upper part of the body is a deep tawny, on the lower white. The feet are gray. The length scarcely exceeds two inches from the tip of the nose to the extremity of the tail; and the weight is not more than half a drachm. This species seem to wander without any fixed place of residence, and accompany the preceding kind in corn-fields, &c.

The next class in the rat genus is distinguished by having the tail of a middling length: the first of this kind is

THE ROCK MOUSE.

This animal has an oblong head; the nose rather pointed; ears rising above the surface of the fur, of an oval form, downy, and dusky at the edges; short whiskers; and strong limbs. The tail is not half the length of the body, and has a few hairs scattered over it. The colour on the upper part of the body is brown blended with gray; the sides incline to cinereous; the belly is of a light ash colour, and the snout dusky, surrounded with a very slender ring of white. The body is four inches long. The length of the tail is an inch and a half. This species inhabit the Mongolian deserts and the regions beyond Lake Baikal. They burrow in the crannies of rocks,

rocks, which is extraordinary, considering the delicate construction of their feet. Their habitation consists of a large winding oblique passage, with one or more holes, pointing downwards, at the bottom of which there is a nest of soft herbs. They chiefly subsist on astragali.

THE ŒCONOMIC MOUSE.

This animal is termed 'œconomic' from its peculiar mode of life, as with the most instinctive caution it avoids sandy soils, and chooses damp situations, in which it forms burrows beneath the surface of the turf, and in these subterraneous retreats has many chambers and distinct entrances. In these several apartments it forms magazines, in which to deposit its winter food, consisting of various plants, which it collects in summer with great assiduity and with remarkable care. When the sun shines with power, it draws its food from its nest to dry it effectually. These animals never touch their hoards till the winter, and in the summer subsist on vegetables.

The 'œconomic mouse' has small eyes, and naked ears, which are usually hid in the fur. It has strong limbs. The teeth are of a tawny hue. Its colour is black and yellow closely blended; but dusky on the back, and from the throat to the tail of a hoary hue. Beneath the hair is a dark down. The ends of the feet are dusky. The length of the body is four inches and a quarter; the tail is little more than an inch long.

These animals are very numerous in Siberia, Kamtschatka, and even in the regions within the arctic circle. In certain years they migrate in great bodies, collect in the spring, and proceed in a direct course, as neither rivers nor the arms of the sea stop their progress; which occasions them frequently to be devoured by rapacious fishes. They are superstitiously revered by the Kamtschatkans, who use every possible means to rescue them from danger. Many improbable stories are related of them; such as their covering their provisions with poisonous herbs before they migrate, and strangling themselves between forky plants if their magazines are pillaged.

THE RED MOUSE.

The nose and face of this animal are very bristly; the ears, like those of the preceding species, are naked, except at the tip, which is clothed with a rusty down. The tail is full of hair. The colour from the middle of the forehead along the back to the rump is a tawny red; that of the sides is a light gray and yellow. The under side of the body is whitish. The feet are white; the tail dusky on the top, and white underneath. The length of the body is four inches; the tail is rather more than an inch long.

These animals inhabit Siberia, from the Oby to Kamtschatka, and are even found within the arctic circle. They live under logs of wood, or trunks of trees, and sometimes force their entrance into habitations and granaries. They wander the whole winter, and even appear lively when the regions they dwell in are covered with snow. Their appetite is general, as they will eat flesh as well as grain.

There is a variety of this kind found about Casan which is less than the Siberian species.

THE GARLIC MOUSE.

This species are denominated 'garlic mice' because they chiefly subsist on a kind of angular garlic. They have large, open, naked ears very distinctly appearing above the fur. The tail is clothed with hair. The colour on the back is cinereous, intermingled with long hairs tipped with

with dusky grey; the sides are of a whitish ash hue; the breast, belly, and feet, white; the tail is marked along the top with a dusky line, the rest white. The length of the body is a little more than four inches; the tail is about an inch and a half long.

These animals inhabit the countries near the Jenesei and Lena.

THE SORICINE MOUSE.

The 'Soricine mouse' has a nose a little extended; four toes on the fore feet, with a tubercle instead of a thumb; five toes on the hind feet; and round ears covered with fur. The tail is of a middling length, and hairy. The colour on the upper part of the body is a yellowish grey; the belly is white.

This species inhabit the vicinity of Strasburg, and were first discovered by professor Herman.

(To be continued.)

ASSAD *and* ALANE; *a* TALE.

(Continued from p. 120.)

ALANE at length returned, with an air of seriousness and constraint in her countenance. She purposely avoided looking towards Assad, though she could not prevent her eyes from stealing some glances when unobserved.

'You will lodge with us again to-night?' said the old man to Assad.

Alane fixed her eyes on Assad's lips.

'If my stay should be agreeable to Alane,' replied Assad.

Alane blushed, her brother's wife laughed, and the old man said—'Helim, you will not despise my daughter because she has a heart? among us all, she loves you most.'

'Dear father!' said Alane, confused, and rose from her seat.

'Why should I not say so, child?' said the old man, taking hold of her hand. 'Thou feelest that thou art alone, and needest not blush at the sensibility which the Lord of life hath given thee.'

Alane cast a hasty glance at Assad, sighed, and left the room.

'Ah!' said the little boy, 'Helim is here now, yet Alane is gone to walk under the palm trees.'

'Let her go,' said the old man, with a smile; 'the time will come when you will be as fond of being alone.'

Assad threw himself at the feet of the old man, who looked smilingly on him, while tears at the same time pressed into his eyes.—'My son!' exclaimed he, with a voice expressive of the tenderest emotion, and immediately left him, and retired into an adjoining chamber.

Assad followed Alane, and she felt herself seized with a trembling when she saw him coming. He went up to her, took her hand, pressed it to his heart, and, with a look of rapturous love, 'O beauteous innocent maiden!' said he, 'would Heaven grant———'

He said no more, but cast on her a mournful look. Alane met his eyes with a delicate confusion, and, without withdrawing her hand from his, said to him, 'Yes, Helim, what the prattle of my little brother intimated is true: what my father told you is true. The days when I saw thee not seemed to me melancholy and tedious; thy image was present with me, both waking and dreaming; I felt a delicious longing for thy return; and, to-day, when you came, my heart was ready to leap forth to meet you with inexpressible transport. Is this love? I know not. My father says it is; and my brother and my brother's wife say so too. My father thinks I need not blush for the sentiments of my heart. Indeed,' added she, in a faultering tone, 'I believe I love you.'

'O divine innocence!' exclaimed Assad,

Assad, as he clasped the ingenuous maiden in his arms, and pressed her to his heart. 'Receive, dearest Alane! my confession of the purest love; receive, in the presence of the Eternal Source of love and truth, my most sacred vow!'—A cloud overspread his countenance as he uttered the last words, and his eyes filled with tears. He clapped his hand to his forehead, and staggered, overpowered by his feelings, to a tree near which he stood.—'O Heaven!' exclaimed he, 'with a heart-rending sigh, 'why am I the heir to a throne? Why am I not the inhabitant of a poor and lowly cottage?'

He sat him down, overwhelmed with anguish. Alane viewed him with alarm and foreboding apprehension. She stood the image of despondency—tears trickled down her cheeks—and her head sank on her breast, which heaved with heavy sighs.

Assad looked up, and saw grief and fear depictured in the countenance of the lovely maiden.—'No!' exclaimed he, 'I cannot make thee happy; but neither will I deceive thee.'—He started up, and said, in a tone of the severest anguish, 'Alane!'—He could say no more, tears stifled his words.

A heavy sigh again heaved the breast of Alane, after which a gleam of returning lustre illumined her eyes.—'You wish,' said she, 'to declare to me my unhappiness?—Speak! I can suffer.'

'I love thee, Alane!' resumed Assad; 'but fate, cruel fate!——My heart, inflamed with love for thee, is thine, and thine alone; but my hand must be disposed of by other circumstances.'

'Must! Must it be so?' said Alane, and dried her eyes.

'It must.—A severe and inflexible destiny has rendered it my most sacred duty.'

Alane kissed the lips of the youth, and said to him with a sigh of heart-felt sorrow, 'This love gives thee; the fulfilment of thy duty will bestow on thee still more—tranquillity through life, and peace in death. Come, Helim, let us go.'

She put her trembling hand in his, and led him slowly back to the cottage. When they entered, Alane assumed a constrained smile; and, with an aching heart, said to her father, 'I thank thee that thou hast taught me to love virtue more than myself.'

She took the bow from the wall where it hung, and gave it to the youth; who, pale and silent, still lingered, unwilling to depart. She placed the quiver on his shoulders, and, presenting him her hand, 'Fare thou well, noble youth!' said she, with a faultering voice. 'Thou goest, and we never again see each other!'

Assad threw himself at her feet, bathed her hand with his tears, and exclaimed in an agony of sufferance, 'O Alane! Alane! excellent heavenly maiden! when does virtue receive reward?'

'In moments like these,' replied she, 'when we rise superior to the feelings of our hearts: fare thou well!'

He gave her his hand, faintly uttered farewell, and turned to depart. Alane became pale as a lily, and, throwing herself on her father's bosom, burst into a flood of tears, when the youth to whom her heart was devoted left the cottage.

Absorbed in grief and silent melancholy, Assad returned home.—Alas! by the loss alone did he learn what a heart he had lost. He tortured his invention to discover some means by which he might reconcile the decision of the priest with his love, and felt a transport of joy when he conceived the idea that possibly the priest might suffer himself to be bribed. He spoke to his tutor

tutor on the subject, but only in distant and general terms.

Molhem took the hand of Assad, gazed on him with confidential affection, and said to him, with a tone of sincerity and tenderness—'Though it were possible, Assad, couldst thou load the heart of any man with the guilt of deceit purchased by a bribe? Couldst thou, as a king, wish the first minister of the state to be capable of treachery? Would not such deceit be the cause of unhappiness likewise to thyself? —Couldst thou consent to be the deceiver of thy subjects? Even though its object were virtuous and commendable, it would still be deceit. But not the consequences, the means only, are in thy power. Should the consequences prove unfortunate, how painful must be the reflection that they proceeded from a deceit of which thou wast the author!—Assad couldst thou bear such a reflection?'

Assad turned from his tutor silent and in despair, for now he had lost all hope. He wandered alone through the woods around his dwelling, and taught the echoes of every wild and solitary place to repeat the complaints of his love, and the dear name of Alane.

With secret anxiety he waited the arrival of the day when he should complete his twentieth year. No sooner had the morning of that day dawned, than his father, accompanied by all the grandees of the kingdom, came to call Assad, now entitled to participate in the sovereign power, from the school of wisdom to the throne. Assad sank into his father's arms, and moistened his venerable countenance with the tears of filial affection, but also with the tears of disappointed love. The train returned, with the youthful king and his tutors, to the city, where the people received both the father and the son with the loudest gratulatory acclamations. 'Assad—our hope! our happiness! our father!' exclaimed a thousand voices, while a thousand blessings and wishes for the prosperity of his reign rent the skies.

Assad, with the utmost emotion, stretched forth his hands towards the people, while the tears of gratitude flowed down his cheeks.—Molhem, who rode by the side of Assad, took advantage of this moment: 'Assad,' said he, in a whisper, 'is not this feeling that thou art the hope of a whole nation, at least as delightful as the enjoyments of successful love?'

'More delightful! more delightful! my father!' replied Assad, with sparkling eyes. 'Alas!' added he, in a lower tone, 'how happy, how inexpressibly happy, might I be, if—' He blushed at his unmanly complaint, and finished not the sentence.

They had now arrived at the gates of the palace which was to be the residence of Assad till his fate was determined, till the priest had named his consort. Into this palace, during that time, no person might enter, not even the father of Assad, nor his tutors. The heir to the throne was here served by mutes, and the doors were always shut.

Assad threw himself once more into the arms of the sage Molhem, then ascended the lofty steps and entered the palace. The golden doors were closed behind him. He stretched forth his arms towards heaven, and exclaimed: 'Farewell, Alane! Alas, thou art lost, and I must never know happiness!'

The next morning the people assembled before the royal palace. On a lofty throne sat the father of Assad, and around him stood all the grandees of the kingdom. On the steps of the throne sat the tutors of Assad, and the governors of the distant provinces. Between the

throne and the people stood the high-priest; the other priests were arranged in long lines.

The king arose upon his throne, and cried aloud, 'Chief-priest, give my son a wife; I give my people a king.'

The high-priest ascended the steps of the throne, and, turning towards the people, who observed the most solemn silence, cried aloud, 'The daughter of the noblest man!'—The people re-echoed the words.

'Name to me the noblest man among my people,' said the king to the grandees and governors who surrounded his throne.

Each named some person, and related the noblest action he had performed. Of those thus named, such as were in the city were sent for, and messengers dispatched to those residing at a distance. The assembly then broke up, and all waited with impatience for the tenth day from that time which was to be the great day of decision.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The CURSORY LUCUBRATOR.

N° IV.

On Duelling.

'Avaunt the deed! 'gainst Heav'n it militates:
That man should murder man by free consent,
And take the breath that God alone can give.'

In a country where the greatest refinement and polished manners obtain, is it not matter equally of astonishment and regret, that duelling, a practice so savage and inhuman, should prevail?—However, though its origin was in the periods of the grossest ignorance and superstition, false pride and imperious fashion have modelled that barbarous custom into a law; to which it is dishonourable to prove refractory, nay, worse than death to disobey:

Honour! that 'sacred tie, the law of kings,'
To sword and pistols peers and poor men brings:
Ask but the lowest wranglers who were brought,
With pistols, front to front, for what they fought?
His injur'd *honour* each of them will plead,
And by that plea defend the daring deed.

Be it as it may, I conceive duelling little inferior to murder; and, in fact, where persons deliberately meet for the purpose of fighting, if either of them fall, the law of the land recognises the other guilty of that crime; nor will any exoneration apply to the person challenged, though our juries upon such occasions, with that peculiar humanity that never ceases to feel for the failings and infirmities of nature, seldom return a verdict more severe than manslaughter. Might I hazard an opinion, I avow myself surprised it has not been suppressed by some immediate interdiction of legislative authority, attaching severe punishment or heavy ignominy upon its commission; but, indeed, so far from endeavours having been exerted to repel so foul a custom, at a period not very remote, we found its necessity, under *existing circumstances*, very gravely urged; both, *vivâ voce*, for the preservation of good manners, as well as enforced, *vi et armis*, for a safeguard against the intemperate sallies of unqualified censure. *Verbum sat!*—We might, with great propriety, presume our code of laws, so copious and diffuse, was sufficient, in its provisions, to check impertinence and restrain scurrility; and I believe, when properly resorted to, and it is clearly proved that character or reputation hath been unjustly defamed, or profession invidiously attacked, the laws usually appreciate the extent of the injury sustained, and seldom fail to award such damages as the enormity of the case shall require. It may also, perhaps, be justly observed, there is no species of real injury with

with which one individual may annoy another, but to which law will apply, and legal redress may be obtained. Yet admitting, for the sake of argument, offences may exist superior to the arm of law, it must manifest a shameful neglect in legislature, or a glaring defect in the capacity of those who are invested with its administration, if it be submitted to private individuals to obtain, by the most horrid and sanguinary of measures, that satisfaction the jurisprudence of their country had neglected to secure them.

The practice of duelling, as previously observed, seems vindicated from its supposed influence over the manners and passions of men—preserving that courtesy among gentlemen that is indispensable to the good order and harmony of society; though this, by the bye, argues but a weak preventative, and operates just in proportion as the paltry punishment would, as it were, awe the incorrigible school-boy, for a moment, without effectually eradicating those faults it was administered to correct. Moreover the virtuous, prudent, and religious characters will not require precedents so deadly to forewarn them of the commission of such actions, as neither habit nor inclination concur in the practice or support of them; and the dissipated and the vicious will seldom profit by examples, be they ever so awful or multiplied. In fact, the latter are the professed votaries of duelling; and none but the gambler, the debauchee, the seducer, and the adulterer, will, for the most part, be found among the polite patrons of the sword and pistol. How respectable the catalogue! and the several members detailed are in possession of a balsamic nostrum, which, if skilfully administered, infallibly cures all disorders, and gives immediate ease and satisfaction. Nay, the wonderful efficacy it possesses is far beyond computation: it instantly assuages the fury of wounded honour, though it be at the loss of an eye, an ear, or a limb; and, at the expense of disfigurement for life, restores, at once, unresisting serenity! Yet this specific patent, for such honourable mention it obtains among licensed prerogatives, however wonderful in effects, but still comprises the simple bullet, which hath long been in requisition, either to reward the cowardice of a military dastard, or terminate (to use a familiar phrase) the life of a mad dog.

This very honourable mode of obtaining satisfaction might, if it were a subject less serious, surely deserve ridicule. Let any man consider what recompence he can derive from any injury received, by recurring to those means of redress which evidently place both the aggressor and the aggrieved on an equal footing, and to this argument duelling may apply in fact. It admits no discrimination between the innocent and the guilty, and threatens to both, alike, immediate destruction:—but honour (the specious pretext of the votaries of this practice) was concerned; and, though the party violating its immaculacy may have the infinite pleasure of blowing out the brains of the defamed, it is still restored inviolate; and every recompence, equivalent to the injury sustained, most fully discharged on the event of a duel, however tragical its catastrophe.

Is it the relict of honour we acknowledge, when we behold the lifeless body of the duellist weltering in its gore? and are we to suppose his character cleansed of the foul stains of calumny, by the blood that gushes from the mortal wound the hand of his adversary hath inflicted? Avaunt such inconsistencies!—Can

honour

honour or character be attributable to the man void both of virtue and religion? and truly that mortal must be destitute of either, who can not only meditate, but calmly point the deadly weapon at the head of his fellow-creature, for the purpose of his destruction:—or, is it a proof of personal courage also, thus to send a friend into eternity?—No! rather be convinced, that noble magnanimity of mind, which can only be roused in the just defence of our country or our persons, is prostituted to the basest and most unworthy purpose—the support of our vices!—A fact, alas! too often essayed in the pride of despair, or spirit of revenge, to the utter contempt of the Supreme Being. The truly valiant, when espousing the cause of his injured country, will look to God for assistance:—he will implore his protection, as a shield in the "day of battle;" and then, with confidence, he may look forward to the happy termination of the contest. But can the duellist presume either to hope or expect favour in the sight of the Almighty, towards the cause he imaginarily maintained?—or that he will aid that arm which is immediately stretched forth to the outrage of society, and in direct opposition to his divine commands?—Oh! how vain, how foolish, must that mortal prove, who flatters himself with succour from that Lawgiver whom he insults, and whose decrees he openly violates at the very moment he intreats his protection!

Hence it is evident, that the only support duelling can obtain is in that bugbear, honour!—a phantom as chimerical as it is absurd;—for where true honour exists, if it be invaded, it receives every assistance virtue and religion can afford. But this outrageous action finds no pious consideration to sanction it, nor courage to defend it. To what then can it resort for support?—I beg leave to reply:—to that savage malignity, and thirst of revenge, which arrogantly despises the laws of God, and equally resists the whisperings of conscience.

I shall now conclude these remarks, with observing, I anticipate objection to my argument of those who insist that, in a particular instance, it will be impossible to avoid a duel, where a person having unintentionally given offence, though every endeavour had been exerted, and argument urged, to convince the party offended it was without design, yet the apology was deemed insufficient—nor could any recompence suffice but fighting him; which, if refused, would brand him with cowardice, and render him liable to a cudgelling.—Can any thing be more obvious than the conduct necessary to be adopted on such occasions. Let the challenge be declined—'Tis better to be supposed a coward than commence barbarian, to avoid such an appellation. After this rejection, should the demand be still asserted with menaces, &c. resort to juridical protection, which will afford every security against personal violence.—But supposing you availed not yourself of justiciary support, should any outrage be offered to your person, it will be equally as justifiable to repel the aggression by whatever summary means may present themselves, as it is lawful to defend your property against the midnight plunderer, or yourself from the dagger of the assassin.

May 1801. HENRY FRANCES.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

(Continued from page 179.)

As he was yet speaking, Cupid suddenly raised from the bottom of the

the raft an elevated pole adorned with wreaths of flowers, which floated in the air, while the boat advanced slowly towards the island: for the god had ordered a part of the zephyrs to swell the garlands, and waft him gently from the shore. Some were charged to separate the waves before his little bark, and smooth the fluid road; others had the care of refreshing him: for, seized with a sacred surprise, he now perceived that he was assisted by a divinity. At this moment, his soul was filled with unusual courage; and as he proceeded forward, Cupid flew invisible before him.

The tritons and the nereides, crowned with rushes, ascended from the watery abyss, and surrounded his boat in an extensive circle, astonished at the boldness of the first mortal who had dared to trust himself in a frail vessel on the immense ocean.

"Be happy!" they sang, "we all favour thy voyage, most courageous youth! Love shall recompense thee. Love, who has rendered thee hardy enough to venture upon the swelling waves in the hollow trunk of a tree. How delightful is it to view thee row upon the transparent surface, like the majestic swan, who divides the water with his active feet?—Love flutters before thee, and he is happy whom love takes under his protection. Receive him, crowned with success, ye solitary shades! it is among you he shall obtain the reward, the sweet reward, of his industry and resolution.

"We foresee this art brought to perfection. Nations will cover the ocean with their fleets, and sail to distant climes. Men different in manners, and separated by extensive seas, shall meet each other with surprise upon their peaceable coasts. The treasures of the foreigner shall be found and reported; his superfluities, his sciences, and his arts, shall be made known. Then will the mariner be seen to ride without fear upon the ocean, and trace his way through unknown waters. He will bravely face the furious tempest, while his vessel shall be the sport of the waves. Such is the boldness and the industry of the race of Prometheus: 'the fire of the God shall burn in the hearts of men, and threatening perils shall but inflame their untameable courage!"

Thus sang the nereides and the watery gods, while they formed their tumultuous dance; and, to the harmony of their song, the tritons joined the sound of their sea-shells.

In the mean time the youth rowed onwards with prosperous gales, and arrived safe at the shore of the island, where he landed under the cool and refreshing shades.

In an ecstasy of joy he leaped out of his boat, which he drew upon the sand to place under shelter, and afterwards returned thanks to the gods who had protected him, and auspiciously smiled on his daring enterprise.

Animated by the most sanguine hope, he traversed the groves of the island, where, at every step, he remarked with delight the traces of laborious hands. He saw the fig, apple, and pear trees, planted in rows, and abundant in fruits, while the spreading vine was so plentifully laden with clusters that the branches bent under their weight. The jessamine and the myrtle formed delightful bowers, and a thousand little rivulets, the banks of which were enamelled with beauteous flowers, flowed with an agreeable murmur under the vaulted arbours.

While he was occupied in contemplating these new scenes, Melida was with her mother in their cottage. Her head declined on her bosom,

bosom, and she remained a considerable time in profound silence. At length Semira addressed her thus: "Whence is it, my child, that I continually observe you in a reverie? Why is it you thus grieve, my dear girl?"—Melida, whose eyes overflowed with tears, replied:—"Alas! I have not power to tell the cause of my wandering thoughts; I am ignorant why my heart palpitates; I know not what it is which so greatly oppresses me; I only feel that I am more unhappy than all other creatures."

"Ah! why, my dear Melida!" (replied her mother sorrowfully) "do you thus anticipate misery? such chimerical ideas as these produce it. What is it you wish? Every plant flourishes as you would desire; in all you undertake you are successful. Our bower produces the most agreeable shades to receive you; the trees which you plant are the finest in the island; every thing is eager to caress and wish you joy. Why are not thy flocks then an entertaining occupation?"

"Yes," replied Melida, "formerly joy beamed upon me every hour; but I am strangely altered. The shady groves now no longer delight me, but because in them I can indulge my melancholy. The sight of every plant used to inspire me with pleasure, and I breathed with happiness the perfume of each scented flower. But, alas! there is now no comfort for me—I am the most wretched of all living beings. When I view the assembled birds chanting with joy on the trees—When I see my united sheep bound in the meadows where they tranquilly repose, and are happy in being together, it is then that I cannot forbear to wish for similar felicity."

"Ungrateful child! ungrateful to the gods!" answered Semira, "why always the same complaints? Fear you not to offend the powers above, in thus attempting to discover things which you cannot name, and things which are not in nature? Alas! might not I also murmur, because yonder sea is not an earth, or that I cannot fly as the birds, or converse with the trees? nevertheless these complaints would be less fantastical than those which you utter."

Melida replied—"No, my mother, I find not these desires so unreasonable: why should *we only* be deprived of a benefit which every animal enjoys? Do we not resemble them in all other respects? They eat, they sleep, they hear, they feel as we do. They rejoice; and they grieve, particularly when they are separated. Why, then, having so many things in common with them, do we not resemble them in this?"

"It is of the gods," answered her mother with an angry tone, "that you must demand why they have not given us other society than your sheep or the birds. If such is their will, cease to complain."

"But," replied Melida, with a timid voice, "the sheep takes no pleasure in the society of the goat, nor the dove in that of the duck; every creature searches only for that of its own species; and are we not, too, of a particular species? The sheep, which nourishes me the most, are better pleased with their own company than with mine."

"Well," continued Semira, "am not I society of thine own species? I love thee much more than the sheep love the sheep, or the birds love the birds."

"Yes," replied Melida, tenderly, "Alas! yes, mother; but you, I perceive, are melancholy; perhaps you would grieve less if we were a greater number—our amusements then would be more various. What pleasures could we not enjoy if we were

were more numerous. If we had but found here a creature like ourselves, a being who could have taken a part in our little pleasures, who could have been always by our side, it seems to me I should have loved it above all others: but, alas! I believe this heart is susceptible of another love, and that for an object I can neither find nor describe."

Semira answered with a sigh, "What are these fatal desires which trouble your soul? The gods refuse to accomplish them because thou art too importunate: out of every stone, out of every tree, they could form creatures like thyself, but"—

Melida interrupted her mother hastily—"What, are they able to produce such a prodigy?—Oh, ye gods! near every tree, near every stone, I will sacrifice to you; I will offer the finest of every thing that the season produces; I will implore you without ceasing."

Suddenly Semira turned her head: "Heavens!" exclaimed she, "what is it I see?" At these words she remained immoveable as a statue.

The youth had arrived at the door of the cottage—"It is she! it is she," exclaimed he, "whom I saw in my dream."

Semira, astonished and alarmed, rose hastily from her seat—"If thou art an inhabitant of Olympus, and come to visit us in our cottage," said she, "ah! look upon us with pity. But you stand at the door, and appear not less astonished than ourselves. Whoever you are, you are welcome."

At length the young man entered the cottage, and addressed them thus—"Receive me favourably in your dwelling: I am not an inhabitant of Olympus: I have arrived in your island by extraordinary means, and I claim your benevolence."

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE *of Professor* JUNKER, *of the University of* HALLE.

(From a Foreign Journal.)

MANY, who were personally acquainted with this celebrated character, have frequently heard him relate the following anecdote.

Being professor of anatomy, he once procured, for dissection, the bodies of two criminals who had been hanged. The key of the dissecting-room not being immediately at hand when they were carried home to him, he ordered them to be laid down in a closet which opened into his own apartment. The evening came, and Junker, according to custom, proceeded to resume his literary labours before he retired to rest. It was now near midnight, and all his family were fast asleep, when he heard a rumbling noise in his closet. Thinking that, by some mistake, the cat had been shut up with the dead bodies, he rose, and, taking the candle, went to see what had happened. But what must have been his astonishment, or rather his panic, on perceiving that the sack which contained the two bodies was rent through the middle! He approached, and found that one of them was gone.

The doors and windows were well secured, and he thought it impossible the body could have been stolen. He tremblingly looked round the closet, and observed the dead man seated in a corner.

Junker stood for a moment motionless; the dead man seemed to look towards him: he moved both to the right and left; but the dead man still kept his eyes upon him.

The professor then retired, step by step, with his eye still fixed upon the object of his alarm, and holding the candle in his hand until he reached the door. The dead man instantly started up, and followed him.

him. A figure of so hideous an appearance, naked, and in motion — the lateness of the hour—the deep silence which prevailed—every thing concurred to overwhelm him with confusion. He let fall the only candle which he had burning, and all was darkness. He made his escape to his bed-chamber, and threw himself on the bed; thither, however, he was pursued; and he soon felt the dead man embracing his legs, and loudly sobbing.

Repeated cries of "Leave me! leave me!" released Junker from the grasp of the dead man, who now exclaimed, "Ah! good executioner! good executioner! have mercy upon me!"

Junker soon perceived the cause of what had happened, and resumed his fortitude. He informed the re-animated sufferer who he really was, and made a motion in order to call up some of the family. "You wish then to destroy me!" exclaimed the criminal. "If you call any one, my adventure will become public, and I shall be taken and executed a second time. In the name of humanity, I implore you to save my life."

The physician struck a light, decorated his guest with an old night-gown, and, having made him take off a cordial, requested to know what had brought him to the gibbet. "It would have been a truly singular exhibition," observed Junker, "to have seen me, at that late hour, engaged in a *tête-à-tête* with a *dead* man, decked out in a night-gown."

The poor wretch informed him that he had enlisted as a soldier; but that, having no great attachment to the profession, he had determined to desert; that he had unfortunately entrusted his secret to a kind of crimp, a fellow of no principle, who recommended him to a woman in whose house he was to remain concealed; that this woman had discovered his retreat to the officers of police, &c.

Junker was extremely perplexed how to save the poor man. It was impossible to retain him in his own house, and keep the affair a secret; and to turn him out of doors was to expose him to certain destruction. He resolved to conduct him out of the city, in order that he might get into a foreign jurisdiction; but it was necessary to pass the gates of the city, which were strictly guarded. To accomplish this point, he dressed the man in some of his old clothes, covered him with a cloak, and, at an early hour, set out for the country with his *protegé* behind him. On arriving at the city gate, where he was well known, he said in a hurried tone, that he had been sent for to visit a sick person who was dying in the suburbs. He was permitted to pass. Having both got into the open fields, the deserter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, to whom he vowed eternal gratitude; and, after receiving some pecuniary assistance, departed, offering up prayers for his happiness.

Twelve years after, Junker, having occasion to go to Amsterdam, was accosted on the Exchange by a man well dressed and of the best appearance, who, he had been informed, was one of the most respectable merchants in that city. The merchant, in a polite tone, inquired whether he was not Professor Junker, of Halle; and on being answered in the affirmative, he requested, in an earnest manner, his company to dinner. The professor consented. Having reached the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where he found a beautiful wife and two fine healthy children; but he could scarcely suppress his astonishment at meeting so cordial a reception from a family with whom, he thought, he was entirely unacquainted.

After

After dinner, the merchant, taking him into his counting-room, said, "You do not recollect me?" —"Not at all."—"But I well recollect you, and never shall your features be effaced from my remembrance. You are my benefactor. I am the person who came to life in your closet, and to whom you paid so much attention. On parting from you, I took the road to Holland. I wrote a good hand, was tolerably expert at accounts; my figure was somewhat interesting, and I soon obtained employment as a merchant's clerk. My good conduct, and my zeal for the interests of my patron, procured me his confidence and his daughter's love. On his retiring from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law. But for you, however, I should not have lived to experience all these enjoyments.—Henceforth look upon my house, my fortune, and myself, as at your disposal."

Those who possess the smallest portion of sensibility can easily represent to themselves the feelings of Junker.

ACCOUNT *of* WIELAND, *the celebrated German Writer.*

WEIMAR is justly reputed to be at present the favourite abode of the German Muses; the names of the most distinguished literary characters of that city are as follow:—

Wieland, Von Gothe, Herder, Richter, Bottiger, Bertuch, Falk, Von Kotzebue, Von Einsiedel, Von Linkert, Von Knebel, Jagemann, Maier the painter, Maier the historian, Hunnius, Von Seckendorf, Vulpius;—of the fair sex, madame Von Wohlzogen, mademoiselle Von Imhof, madame Von Kalb.

Wieland is counsellor to the duke of Weimar. This venerable laurel-crowned patriarch of the German Muses passes now his last halcyon days, remote from the bustle and troublesome constraints of the great world, at his peaceful country-seat, Ossmannstadt, in the vicinity of Weimar. There he divides his tranquil but still diligently-employed hours, betwixt the Bucolic and Parnassian Muse; on the altar of which latter we have hitherto seen the offerings of the aged bard still burn with the bright flame of youth.

Wieland married his favourite daughter Charlotte, who had accompanied the Danish poet Baggesen and his lady in a tour to Switzerland, to a bookseller in Zurich, a son of the celebrated poet Salomon Gessner. Wieland had resided during the most delightful period of his life at Zurich, where he formed a friendship with the German Theocritus; and it gave him infinite pleasure to embrace as his son-in-law the son of his friend.

In the year 1797 he made, with his family, a journey to Zurich, to visit his children there, and inhabited for some months a pleasant country-house in a romantic situation, on the borders of the lake of Zurich, where he was visited by the most esteemed literati of Switzerland—a Hess, Fussly, Hottinger, Pestalozzi, Bronner, &c. With Lavater, however, he had no intercourse.

Here he was seized with an irresistible longing for a country life; and therefore, when late in the autumn of the same year he returned to Weimar, he sold his commodious house in the city, and purchased the small estate where he now resides. The lands belonging to this estate are not extensive; but the dwelling-house is very spacious and convenient; having been built on a large scale by count Bunau, celebrated author of a 'History of Germany.' Wieland retains his estate in his own hands, and has it cultivated under the directions of his sons:

 but

but has at first to contend with great œconomical difficulties. He is not rich; for he has always been very beneficent and liberal, and in the early part of his literary career was badly paid by the booksellers who published his works. For some of his best early poems, for his Amadis and his Musarion, he scarcely received a few hundred dollars.

Wieland has assisted many distressed young poets and authors, in whom he thought he discovered promising talents, much more liberally than could have been expected from a man of his fortune; and frequently paid more than their value for their contributions to the 'German Mercury,' a periodical work which he publishes since the year 1773; that he might thus generously relieve their distresses without hurting their feelings. Thus he received with open arms the ex-monk Reinhold, who had made his escape from Vienna; and at last gave him one of his daughters in marriage. This is the same Mr. Reinhold who is at present professor of philosophy at Kiel in Holstein. At a later period another monk fled to him from a Cistercian monastery in Suabia; and him too he supported for some years, whilst studying philosophy at the university of Jena.

To only a few favourites of nature it is given to arrive to so advanced an age, with the powers of their mind so fresh and unimpaired. Around him plays yet the sunshine of a youthful gaiety and humour, which are communicated as by enchantment to all who approach him. Under the snow of old age, his genius seems to enjoy an eternal spring. Simplicity, mildness, and philanthropy, are distinguishing traits in his character; and, as in an angelic picture of Raphael, there beams forth in his countenance the tranquil transfiguration of a perfected spirit and of a sainted heart. What chiefly causes him vexation, is that mankind, in his opinion, are continually growing worse and more depraved. It is a remarkable circumstance, that this kind of scepticism is mostly observable in men of the noblest minds. And there is a point of view in which it may be explained. The measure by which a man judges the world without, is his own heart; and the nobler his own heart is, the greater are his demands from the world; and it may often happen, that the world seems to have gone backward, and still to go backward, in the path of morality; whilst in fact it is only he that has gone forward, and still goes forward.

Mankind at large cannot keep pace with the individual striving after perfection, and steadily pursuing his course without interruption. From the same turbid source of scepticism probably flow the rapid changes of opinion which his enemies object to this great man with respect to politics; as in a lucid moment his heart again becomes reconciled with mankind, but immediately after, perhaps on reading the next news-paper, again gives itself up to unbelief and despair. A mind like his fluctuates in a continual attraction and repulsion, love for, and indignation against, the human race, which in no age or country shows a firm and stable character.

Yes, who could believe it? so firmly has this opinion laid hold of the mind of Wieland, that he is willing to sacrifice to it even his own merit as an author. If he be asked, why, notwithstanding his unbelief of the progressive amelioration of man, he still employs his pen towards bettering him, and seems to wish to promote that improvement the existence of which he denied? he replies: "I do not know how that happens; I cannot help writing;

writing; it comes upon me like bleeding at the nose, and I let it run."

Notwithstanding the extreme weakness of his frame, this singular man still enjoys the most perfect health; and the Goddesses of Destiny seem willing to add, under the benign influence of a country air, many a serenely cheerful year to the life of their favourite. His labours are to him the best medicine and refreshment. On the other hand, a few idle hours are sufficient to bring a fit of sickness upon him. Nothing in nature is so hateful and dangerous to him as the wind.

Wieland has a numerous family: three sons and six daughters. Two of the sons apply to rural economy, and superintend the cultivation of their father's estate; the third is pursuing his studies. Of the daughters, three are married, and two are widows, which latter reside with their children in their father's house at Ossmannstadt.

An affecting picture it is, to conceive to oneself the fond and happy father in the midst of his family, in his peaceful retreat at Ossmannstadt, free, and in the possession of a long wished for estate: but still more affecting it is, to see this *sacra familia* itself under the palms of Ossmannstadt, where Love, Concord, and Content, hold them entwined with their unfading flowery wreaths.

To his friends who here visit him in his rural retreat, Wieland appears a true Jupiter Xenius; only he requires on their part a taste for, and anticipation in, his tranquil felicity. Nor is there any necessity for the guests making empty compliments. It is a charming place. Wieland's estate is situated in a tranquil pleasant valley. The garden, the poet's favourite haunt, and, in its present form, mostly the work of the embellishing hand of its possessor, is a most delightful spot. A long row of lime trees leads to a very romantic grove, below which the neighbouring Ilm with soft murmuring hastens along. Here, during the sultry hours of the day, one generally finds the happy poet, surrounded by the harmonious choirs of the birds, sitting under the shadow of an umbrageous tree, with a book in his hand. Horace cannot have felt himself happier in his beloved much-sung Sabinum, than Wieland is in his beloved unsung Ossmannstadt. Wieland takes great pleasure in husbandry: he consults for instruction every good book on the science of rural economy; and, as in himself, so all around him we see the useful and the beautiful joined in amicable union.

The poet, however, thus happily saved from the storms of the world, is not so wholly absorpt in the enjoyment of this rural felicity as to have bidden adieu for ever to his maternal Weimar, whom he first encircled with a laurel wreath, and to whose name he first communicated poetic harmony. He from time to time visits her operas and her theatres; and, while listening to the strains of a Mozart, or to the sublime productions of a Schiller, willingly forgets for a few hours his beloved Tibur.

At the time when Schiller's Wallenstein was first acted on the Weimar stage, he remained eight days in that city.

Martini's *Una cosa rara*, likewise, whose dulcet tones are above all pleasing to his ear, sometimes entices him back again within the walls he has left.—The vicinity of Tinfurt, the usual summer residence of his old faithful friend the duchess Amelia, mother of the reigning duke of Weimar, often induces Wieland to exchange his beloved shades for that

that sacred vale of friendship, there in confidential conversation, or at the exhilarating banquet, to recal to recollection the cheerful hours of former times.

The most lively picture of the manner of living at our patriarch poet's house is to be found in a book published a few months ago, and entitled, *Schattenrisse meiner Erinnerungen von Offenbach, Weimar und Leipzig*, Leipzig, Graff, 1800; of which a translation would undoubtedly be received with approbation by the English public. These sketches were written by the sexagenary venerable German authoress Sophia La Roche, Wieland's oldest friend and beloved, who in the summer of 1799 paid him a visit at Ossmannstadt, and in that publication eloquently describes the scenes of her happy meeting and sojournment with the friend of her youth.

Wieland was born at Biberach, a small Imperial free city in the circle of Suabia, where his father was chief Calvinist pastor. In his youth he was seized with religious enthusiasm; an almost unavoidable consequence of the manner of his education, and of the extreme liveliness of his imagination. His filial affection for his bigoted mother, who followed him to Weimar, kept him probably longer in this crisis than otherwise would have happened. Some pious edifying bursts of this holy enthusiasm in the church style have been preserved by him as memorials of his then temper of mind, and may now be read in the supplements to his works.

At that time the pious poet Bodmer with joy enlisted the young enthusiast under his biblico-poetic banner, and invited him into Switzerland. But soon his powerful genius irresistibly seized him, and raised him by rapid and splendid flights above the misty horizon of his master. Bodmer now with bitter affliction pronounced Wieland a fallen angel.

Our poet began his poem on the Nature of Things in his seventeenth year. His native city, Biberach, honoured him by appointing him a director of the chancery: but he soon became tired of this unpoetic office. It was the old Hamburg poet Brokus who gave the first impulse of poetic inspiration to Wieland, and, as I am told, likewise to Klopstock. In the library of Ossmannstadt an honourable place is assigned to this Adam of German poetry, and Wieland still points him out to his visitors with grateful respect. Two persons, who are most intimately connected with the history of Wieland's youth, had the greatest influence in completely developing and perfectionating the powers of his mind.

Julia Bondely, a beautiful lady of Bern, of one of the first families of that city, became the object of his love during his residence of five years in Switzerland, and, herself nurtured with the sweetest floscules of French and Italian poets and bels-esprits, her honeyed mouth breathed into the soul of the fiery youth a strong inclination towards these heroes of literature, and first dispelled religious enthusiasm from his breast. What Julia Bondely had begun, was completed by the count von Stadion, who, at the time when Wieland was appointed recorder of his native city, lived with princely splendour at Warthausen, a castle only a mile and a half distant from Biberach. Count Stadion had been prime minister to the elector of Mentz, was an admirer of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists, a man of various knowledge, polished manners, and possessing an exquisitely cultivated understanding. He conceived so great an affection for Wieland,

Wieland, that he could hardly live without him. Wieland had an apartment assigned to him in the castle, and was almost daily at the count's, who had an extensive library, and every necessary apparatus of literature, and a rich fund of knowledge in his own mind. Here he conceived and collected the ideas for his *Agathon*, his *New Amadis*, his *Golden Mirror*, and most of the other poetic productions by which he first excited the admiration of all Germany.

That our poet had raised himself to his present envied eminence merely by his own study and application, and by the strength of his genius, I need not inform those who have perused his earlier writings, where he so often and so feelingly complained of the severe constraint which his poetic Muse endured from unfavourable circumstances; and in him we have an additional proof, that a great man is not a creature of circumstances, but is formed by his own exertions and the culture and proper application of his own inherent powers. No one becomes a great man without willing to become a great man.

Except the above-mentioned versatility in politics, which might perhaps be interpreted rather to his honour as a genuine cosmopolite, Wieland possesses an unchangeable firmness of opinion. This he proved against the violent impetus of the Kantian proselytism, which left no man of literary distinction untempted, and, like an irresistible hurricane, swept men and systems along with it.—Wieland's character is irreproachable, and his heart generous:—When Fichte was dismissed from his professorship at Jena, the noble-minded Wieland expressed his regard for him and his concern for his hard fate by the following exclamation: "On such occasions it vexes me that I am not a prince, that I might be able to offer a suitable pension to so deserving a man." This wish does the more honour to his heart, as he belonged to the party which opposed Fichte, whose philosophy was odious to him, as being a texture of useless and noxious subtilties. With such a heart, nothing excites his indignation so much as to hear himself called the German Voltaire.

To the above particulars I must yet add, that he is at present employed on a new work, "Aristippus," one half of which is already finished, and in the composition of which all the juvenile spirit of the poet seems again to have animated him. The philosophy of Aristippus, so often misunderstood, always approved itself as the most proper to the inward conviction of Wieland; and already several years ago he explained himself with great animation on this subject in his excellent *Annotations on Horace*, whose satires and epistles he translated in a masterly manner, and published in four volumes. After Aristippus, the celebrated and here vindicated Lais acts a principal part in this epistolary correspondence, for the whole consists of letters supposed to have passed between Aristippus and his cotemporaries. Wieland intended to write the history of his own mind. May it not happen to him, in execution of this excellent design, as to Lichtenberg, out of whose hand Death snatched the pen, and closed the history of his life just as he was going to begin the history of his mind? But we have every reason to hope that Wieland will be more fortunate; he enjoys at the age of seventy as good a state of health as formerly, and his genius still blooms with the vigour of youth. For, few things has he willed, which he has not sooner or later put in execution:

execution: and herein, in my opinion, is shown the true greatness of mind possessed by this eminent man, who always accurately knew both his own powers and the extent of his undertakings, and with persevering diligence completed the designs he had once conceived.

The HISTORY *of* ROBERT *the* BRAVE.

(Continued from p. 210.)

WHILE Roger was in the greatest affliction on account of the absence of Elvige, and in the utmost alarm for her future fate, though he did not venture to ask any question concerning her, but even avoided pronouncing her name, she was consigned, as it were, to complete oblivion. The count disdained to interrogate his son on such a subject, and the countess deemed it the most sure and effectual method to abandon him to all the disquietude which he must feel. Elvige was strictly commanded not to quit her apartment, and it was certain that she would obey, without suffering her complaints to be heard. She did not, in fact, regret to remain in it, without any witness to her tears. Confused and disconcerted by the scene in the arbour, but relying on her innocence, and not daring to suffer her thoughts to dwell on the certainty, that she had inspired the breast of the youthful count with a generous and ardent passion, she contented herself with breathing wishes for the happiness of Roger. After an interval of several days, perceiving that no person came to interrupt the solitude of her prison, she resumed her former occupations. She could not avoid feeling a transient emotion of joy, when she recollected that the miniature portrait had not been noticed by the countess, and that Roger had placed it in his bosom. She doubted not that he would carefully keep this secret. It was a long time, however, before she again attempted to trace the features which were so dear to her. She at length resumed her pencil: but it at first produced only flowers; and it was not till after a thousand fears and struggles that her trembling hand renewed its attempts of this kind, which every day she recommenced, and every evening again destroyed.

The moment of the departure of Roger now approached. The equipages which were to enable him to appear with splendour were prepared: he waited only for the orders of his father; and since the fatal moment which had caused his misfortune and his anguish, no happy accident had presented Elvige to his sight. The thought of removing to a great distance from her, without first assuring her of his affection and constancy, pierced his heart with despair. His imagination was continually occupied, and exhausted all its resources in endeavouring to contrive, how he might, though but for a single instant, overcome the obstacles which separated him from her. Convinced of the impossibility of succeeding, unless he could obtain some assistance to facilitate his design, he cast his eyes on the various persons who surrounded him, to discover who was most proper to afford him this aid.

The count had already appointed the attendants who were to accompany his son, and Roger saw, with pleasure, that he had placed at their head the equerry who had instructed himself and Robert in their exercises on horseback. This man, delighted and proud at having had such pupils, loved them as if they had been his own sons, and gladly availed

availed himself of every opportunity, to prove to his young lord how affectionately and respectfully he was devoted to him. Roger could not avoid observing his eagerness to oblige and serve him, and had frequently expressed his gratitude for it. Urged by the fear of his approaching departure, and by the imperious necessity of seeing Elvige, he resolved to interrogate this equerry, and make trial how far he was disposed to render him the service he wished. One day, therefore, when no person was present with them, he called him to him, surveyed him with tenderness, and asked him with all the openness of confidence, whether he could rely on his zeal, his discretion, and his fidelity? 'My dear Rainulf,' said he, 'I wish to confide to you the secret to which the happiness of my life is attached will you faithfully keep it, and will you serve me?' At this question Rainulf threw himself on his knees, and swore to the young count, that he might dispose even of his life. Roger, having received such an oath, could no longer hesitate, but immediately discovered to Rainulf the passion he entertained for Elvige, and represented in the most lively colours the anger of his father, his own feelings at the thought of his approaching departure, and his ardent wish again to see, though but for a single moment, her who was so dear to his heart.

Rainulf had loved. He had not ceased to regret and lament the death of an amiable wife, who had long rendered him the most happy of husbands. He could not listen to his young lord without taking a lively interest in sentiments which he had formerly experienced himself in all their force. 'I am devoted to your service,' said he; 'I do not think that I have a right to judge between you and your father; but though all his vengeance should fall upon my head, you shall not have cause to repent the proof you have given me of your confidence in me. I will endeavour to discover and employ every possible means of serving you; and though my efforts should meet with insurmountable obstacles, you shall, at least, be compelled to do justice to my fidelity and zeal.' These promises, of the sincerity of which Roger could have no reason to doubt, made hope sparkle in his eyes, and calmed, in some degree, the emotions of his heart.

The employment which Rainulf exercised in the house of the count gave him the command of the stables, and the general inspection of the horse-furniture and armour, of which latter the most magnificent was carefully preserved in a gallery adjoining the apartments of the countess; and the chamber occupied by Elvige was close to this gallery, of which Rainulf had the key, as well as of the tower that terminated this part of the castle; for through this tower it was necessary to pass, to arrive at the count's stud of stallions and brood-mares, which was without the walls of the castle, in a place where Rainulf had his residence, and where nothing was done but by his directions. Actuated by the desire of gratifying the wishes of his young lord, Rainulf informed him, that one of the doors in the gallery of armour, which was scarcely ever made use of, led to the apartments occupied by the female attendants of the countess.

At the first moment of receiving this information, Roger felt a transport of joy; but too affectionate, and too delicate, not to be under the influence of a respectful awe approaching to timidity, he feared that

that he should surprise and alarm Elvige. He thought it, therefore, indispensable to obtain her consent to this interview, before he should present himself before her. Rainulf was acquainted with the female servant who usually attended her, and promised to speak to her, and through her to procure the consent of Elvige. The delicacy and the heart of Roger likewise suggested to him that it was also proper to consult his friend. This duty appeared to him sacred, and he conceived besides, that, by taking such a witness to his vows, Elvige would be deprived of the power of rejecting them, and could not but receive them with greater confidence. Yielding to this idea, he deferred giving a positive answer to Rainulf, and hastened in quest of Robert.

When the two friends met, hope illumined the countenance of Roger, and his eyes expressed the most lively joy. 'My friend,' exclaimed he, clasping Robert in his arms, 'attempt no longer to combat my resolution, you can only occasion me new pains; you cannot persuade me to relinquish it. I adore Elvige, and my heart can never change. I will not despair of happiness. I know well that my father will never yield to my wishes, however ardent; but he cannot command me to be perfidious and perjured; and I have taken heaven and thyself for my witnesses, that no other than Elvige shall ever possess my affection and my vows. This oath has given me the right to shed my tears in thy bosom, and thou owest to me the sentiments of a brother. Be, then, my comforter and my guide; but prove to me that you love me, by ceasing to oppose to my passion a generous but useless resistance. The time of our departure approaches, and I feel that a fearful despair, for ever following me, and preying on my heart, must destroy my life, if I am forced to leave this place without again seeing Elvige, and swearing to her that I will never cease to love her.—You are alarmed: dismiss all fear: the faithful Rainulf knows my secret, and has promised to keep it, and to serve me. You know that he loves me tenderly. He has found the means of introducing me to the apartment of your sister. Consent to accompany me to her: Your presence is necessary to give her confidence, and I feel that my oaths will be more sacred and more dear, when pronounced before her brother.'

The youth of Robert, an age ever liable to imprudence; the tender friendship which united him to the young count; the persuasion that all efforts to eradicate this fatal passion would prove fruitless; fear of the effects of despair; and the conviction that his presence would render this interview less dangerous, all combined to induce Robert to consent to accompany Roger, and defer any attempt to combat his passion till absence and time should have produced such an effect on him as might give it some chance of success.

Roger, delighted and encouraged by the support of his friend, returned to Rainulf, to inform him, with transport, that Robert would accompany him to his sister, and engaged him to make application on that same day to the female attendant of Elvige.

Rainulf easily persuaded this attendant, that she would acquire a claim to the eternal gratitude of the son of her master, by favouring an interview which the presence of Robert seemed to authorize, and which was never to be repeated. He learned from her that Elvige passed a part of the nights employed

ployed at her drawings, and observed that the most favourable time would be that when sleep had closed all eyes. She promised to remain awake, and to inform Elvige the moment the means of reaching her apartment with sufficient secrecy were adjusted. Rainulf then informed her that the two friends would come that same evening by the door in the gallery. He requested her to be attentive to the slightest noise, and left her, to go and give an account to Roger of the success of his proceedings.

Transported by the hope of again seeing her he loved, Roger was incapable of fearing any adverse accident. He flew to Robert, told him all that Rainulf had done, and was astonished to find that a brother could learn with a kind of coldness mingled with alarm, that he should soon again see a sister so amiable and so dear to him. All his wishes called for the close of day; and during the remainder of it, the only words he could utter were repeated protestations to his friend, that no change could take place in his love, and that he must for ever adore Elvige.

How long did this day appear to the impatient Roger! Night at length covered the castle with her veil; and a darkness thicker than usual seemed ordained to favour their plan. All in the castle appeared to be asleep, when the two friends arrived at the tower. They hastily traversed the gallery of armour, and the last door opened with some small noise. Immediately the attendant of Elvige came to meet them, and, entering the apartment of Elvige, excited equally her surprise and alarm. 'What motive,' said she, 'can have brought you here at this late hour?' The servant answered, that her brother and his young master requested to speak to her, though it were but for a moment. 'My brother!'—The impatient Roger, without giving her time to express her astonishment or her fears, rushed in, threw himself at her feet, and was instantly followed by Robert.—The presence of her brother gave confidence to Elvige, and her heart could no longer refuse to yield to the happiness inspired by the sight of two persons so dear to her. Without power to interrupt Roger, she could only answer him by forming wishes. In vain was it that Robert attempted to indulge his fraternal tenderness: he could not make himself heard till his friend had a thousand times repeated that he would never cease to adore Elvige, and that death alone should separate him from her. When Roger had at length given utterance to these tumultuous sentiments of his heart, he announced his approaching departure, declared his unalterable constancy, inveighed against the vain expectations of his father, and exulted in the hopes which he entertained from futurity. He earnestly entreated Elvige to assure him that neither time, absence, nor the prayers or threats of his father, should ever change her sentiments; and she promised that the happiness of Roger should be the continual object of her wishes.—But while thus absorbed in the most delightful sensations, they forgot the whole world besides: their adverse fortune was preparing for them new sufferings.

The slight noise, without causing which it was impossible to open the door of the gallery, had been heard by the attendant of the countess who was most in her favour. Alarmed at this unusual noise, she listened, and presently heard persons talking in a low voice, and in an animated manner. Her terror increased every instant, she leaped from her bed,

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dressed herself in haste, and flew to the apartment of the countess. She there found the count, who was still awake, and who interrogated her strictly concerning the noises she had heard. Her answers strongly excited his suspicions, and seizing a flambeau, he proceeded with haste to the apartment of Elvige. He entered. At the sight of him, Robert, transfixed with consternation, stood motionless; Elvige raised her hands towards heaven, and uttered a loud shriek; while Roger, actuated only by despair, advanced hastily to his father, to meet alone the first emotions of his rage. The count surveyed for a moment the victims. —'Insolent boy!' exclaimed he, addressing Robert, 'is it thus you repay my goodness? I shall know how to punish you. Leave my presence this moment. And as for you, whom I am ashamed to call my son, I will take proper measures to save you from the infamy into which you are ready to plunge.' After these words he preserved a profound silence, which Roger dared not interrupt. He did not even attempt to deprecate his anger, as he knew well that his tears would only tend to irritate him more. The count, after having darted on Elvige a look expressive of rage mingled with contempt, left her, and ordered his son to follow him to the apartment of the countess. Robert, in the mean time, made his escape through the gallery of arms, without meeting with any obstacle, and the unhappy Elvige remained alone, overwhelmed with despair.

The count, when he proceeded to consider in what manner he should act, found the presence of his son a restraint upon him. —'Begone,' said he, therefore, 'I cannot look on you without blushing. Go, and wait elsewhere the orders I shall send you.' Roger obeyed, and retired.

As soon as he was gone, the count and countess consulted together. The attendant of the latter, who had given so great a proof of her zeal, could not be suspected by them; they therefore spoke aloud, and without reserve, before her. They resolved that the ungrateful Robert should be shut up in a strong castle; that Elvige should be confined in one of the towers; and that Roger should not be suffered to set out on his travels, till he should be brought to blush at his fault, entreat the pardon of his father, and solemnly engage for ever to forget Elvige.

The amiable disposition and generosity of Roger had gained him the hearts of all around him: he was adored by the whole family. The female attendant, who had been the occasion of the discovery of his interview with Elvige, had nursed him in his infancy, and could not remain insensible to the misfortunes she had involuntarily brought on him by her alarm. She felt that it was not in her power to alter what had passed; but she wished at least to prove the sincerity of her regret and her zeal, by making known to him the resolutions that had been taken. She even hoped to assuage his grief, and remove his resentment, by promising that she would continually attend to Elvige, and give her all the assistance and procure her every comfort in her power. She therefore found a pretext to retire as soon as with propriety she could, and, hastening to the young count, informed him of every thing that she had heard.

The danger that threatened Robert restored to Roger all his activity. The moments were too precious to be lost in deliberation: it was necessary to act immediately. Happily the night, already far advanced, did not permit the count to give his orders,

orders, which he therefore postponed to the next day. In the mean time, Roger flew to his friend.

'Let us fly,' said he, 'while we have yet time to escape. To-morrow you will be seized, and shut up in one of the strong castles of my father: we have not a moment to lose.'

The urgency of this danger roused Robert from the consternation in which he had remained plunged since the humiliating and terrible scene that he had witnessed.

'Yes,' said he, 'I will fly for ever places where I am only an object of hatred and contempt. But you!—you whom I love with so tender a friendship, and whose suffering and grief I so sincerely lament, never forget the sacrifices you owe to your duty and the tranquillity of my sister. I implore pity for her: it is only by obedience to the commands of your father that you can prove to us that we are ever dear to you.—Farewell!—May you regain happiness and peace!'

'What!' exclaimed Roger, 'can my friend believe I can be so mean as to abandon him, when I alone have caused all his misfortunes?—Do not imagine I will suffer you to escape from my friendship. Nothing shall prevent me from following you; and never again will I revisit this wretched dwelling, till my father, convinced that I alone was guilty, shall act with justice towards you. It is only when at a distance from him that I can obtain of him a hearing, and prove to him that his son has a right to demand of him happiness.'

Robert made every effort to induce him to change his resolution, but without effect. Roger repeated his oath a thousand times that he would follow him, and was about to take his way towards the forest and scale the walls, when Rainulf came up to them. He, too, dreading the vengeance of the count, had resolved to fly, but he joined Robert in entreating Roger to remain.—They both fell at his knees; but he answered only by an exclamation of despair, and fled precipitately towards the forest.

'I yield then,' exclaimed Rainulf with violent agitation; 'but suffer me at least to attend and serve you.'

At these words, Roger returned, and clasped him in his arms, but conjured him not to lose a single moment. Rainulf led them to the gate of which he had the key, as it led to his residence in the count's stud, where the horse-furniture and armour not used on days of ceremony was kept, and confided to his care.

'Make no delay,' said he; 'take the armour and weapons you think proper, while I go and prepare horses.'

Roger, after some reflection, chose the arms usually borne by those who aspired to the order of knighthood; and Robert was preparing to select those carried by the esquires; for it was in that quality that he proposed to follow the son of his lord.

'What are you doing?' hastily exclaimed Roger. 'I have need of a brother and companion in arms, will Robert refuse to accept these titles? Let him recollect that the choice he shall make must determine mine.'

Robert still hesitated till his friend threw down the arms he had at first taken. He then yielded, and consented to arm himself in the same manner.

Rainulf soon brought them horses—'Depart immediately,' said he; 'follow the walls of the park, and at its extremity you will find woods that will conceal you from every eye. I will there again join you.

—Wait

—Wait for me, without alarm or anxiety: I must stay a few minutes, during which I hope I shall be able to render you service.'

He then left them, without waiting for an answer, and the two friends took the way he had pointed out to them.

Rainulf, in the mean time, returned to the castle, where he found every thing perfectly quiet. He proceeded to the gallery of arms, and with equal speed and silence carried away a great part of the dresses and other things that had been provided for the use of Roger when he should set out on his travels. These he placed on a strong horse, which he led by the bridle, and soon rejoined the two friends.

A few hours of hard riding were sufficient entirely to dissipate all their fears of being overtaken. Another wood, with the windings of which Rainulf was well acquainted, became a safe asylum; and when they had gone through it they had passed the limits of the territory subject to the authority of the count, and discovered at a little distance an habitation occupied by a kinsman of Rainulf's, where, by his advice, they stopped to give rest to their horses, and consider in what manner they should proceed to act.

(To be continued.)

On INTEMPERANCE.

'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
All pleasures that from health or strength can flow;
Vigour of body, purity of mind,
Unclouded reason, sentiment refin'd.'

CHANDLER.

INTEMPERANCE, which leads to all other vices, is at once the most pernicious and dangerous failing to which a man can possibly be addicted, as in its nature it is so much at variance with reason, the noblest faculty of man, and possessed by him alone. Like an able general, intemperance conquers as if by stratagem, and leads the person who (perhaps, unthinkingly, at the outset suffers himself to be deluded) accepts and cherishes the false allurements presented to his view, till at length the long-beset fortress of Reason yields to the dreadful impulse, and involves the unfortunate victim in destruction. That intemperance is the forerunner of a long train of evils, vices, and distempers, I think, needs not be observed, as living examples are constantly before the eye, whose riotous and indecent behaviour one would think sufficient to disgust the spectator, and make every one avoid with the utmost caution the dangerous temptation. Nay, one would suppose, could a man see the despicable appearance he makes in a state of inebriety, he would relinquish the murderous pursuit, and return to life; for that state is scarcely to be called existence. And, when we consider man as a free agent, and that he has also the power of judging betwixt right and wrong, it is wonderful that the charms of intoxication should so easily gain the upper hand of our understandings, and by overpowering the reasonable faculty, which ennobles the human soul, and raises us almost to a level with beings of a superior order, sink us below the surface, and render us inferior to the meanest brute in the creation.—Alas! man, thou favoured, thou envied being!—gifted by nature beyond all others of the earth!—how irreconcileable are thy proceedings! how little are thy pleasures, and how debased thy ideas!

Intemperance (considered as it tends to destroy the constitution, and

and impair those faculties which should distinguish man from the common partners of our native clay) is no other than a voluntary suicide, more deliberately carried on than when the man who, in the heat of phrensy at a supposed loss of fame or fortune, snatches the loaded pistol, and welcomes death as a more kind and agreeable companion, than can be afforded by a world where such accumulated misfortunes, or aggravated insults, have driven him to the verge of madness, and overwhelmed him in ruin:—and though the conduct of either is highly reprehensible—of the two, the drunkard deserves the greater share of censure. He deliberately opens a vein, and suffers the blood to ooze away drop by drop—sees the wound, and will not apply a remedy; while the other, hurried away by a phrensy bordering on madness, without deliberation, pulls the fatal trigger, or swallows the noxious draught, that puts an end to his existence.

The man who is constantly, or frequently, in a state of inebriation, is continually creating for himself new sources of pain, sorrow, and distress. The faculties both of mind and body become impaired; and, before the years of youth are past, he becomes a miserable being, continually haunted with the reflection of his past misconduct, which is too galling for him to bear.—But, 'too far gone, he cannot now retract;' and, in order to drown such reflections as produce shame and remorse, he quaffs the poisoning bowl till the moment of his dissolution arrives, and he is snatched away, 'with all his imperfections on his head.'—On the other hand, sobriety and temperance, which are certainly necessary for the health of the body, enable us to lead a long and happy life; to enjoy the blessings of a contented mind in our old age, when, in a manner, we are as robust as youths: but, by permitting luxury and intemperance to govern us, we become infirm and impotent.

Philautus and Decius were brought up at the same school, under one tutor; and, in their early days, each displayed a lively genius, such as to give their aged preceptor favourable hopes that they would one day become characters of eminence and worth. They studied the languages and sciences together, and from an intimacy a firmly-rooted friendship grew. Their parents were rich, and the expectations of the youths were equally great. Each parent was happy in his son.

Philautus, whose father died before the conclusion of his regular course of studies, was a youth whose irritability and impetuosity of temper had frequently involved him in quarrels and disputes with his fellow-students. Become now possessed of his deceased father's fortune and estates, he determined to travel in order to gain a knowledge of the world. Possessed of a good understanding, a lively disposition, and a constitution as yet unimpaired, he intended to take a view of mankind, by which he considered he should gain instructions for the better regulating his future conduct through life. With this view he set out, attended by a companion of approved merit, and visited France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and many other countries; in which, notwithstanding his determination to profit by the conduct of others, and avoid those enormities he could not help blaming—urged by the example of young dissolute men, into whose company he frequently came, he was so carried away by the vain idea of supporting the character of a man of spirit and fortune, that he became a votary at the shrine of Bacchus; from

from which sprang such a numerous list of evils as overturned the balance of prudence, and, in the end, overwhelmed him in destruction. Callous to the voice of reason, that constantly urged him to reform, day after day he followed his unpardonable career, and night after night was he incompassed in the dark garb of delirious inebriety. Reflection produced remorse, remorse—too poignant to be endured—produced another bowl; till, at length, reflection was totally banished, as a monitor too intruding to be admitted; and reason, as a rival to his pursuits, too reproachful to gain a moment's attention. Constant revelry brought on debility of constitution, and every noble sentiment and faculty of the mind was drowned in the murderous stream of intoxication.

Decius, whose heart was susceptible of the finest feelings of humanity, and stored with every manly virtue, wept at parting with his friend. He wished him success; and that honour, prosperity, health, happiness, and (what alone can produce it) virtue, might be the companions of his journey. A short time elapsed after the departure of Philautus, Decius was likewise invested with his father's fortune by the death of that honoured and affectionate parent. A generous heart, a friendly disposition, a natural inclination to study, and a desire to glide down the rapid stream of life with happiness and pleasure, so as to prepare for one hereafter, and a wish to benefit, if possible, those around him,—made him rather court the closet conference with the world than beat the open field for information, where so many ups and downs are spread around, and where the traveller is for ever encompassed with danger. He learned the habits, customs, manners, and dispositions, of other countries, from the best-selected authors—contrasted them with his own. He saw and ardently wished a correction of those vices which tend to the destruction of mankind, and which argue a contempt of the Supreme Being. He saw and emulated those great heroes, who not like Alexander had conquered a world in arms, but who had made a greater conquest over their own passions. He patronised and encouraged virtue, and every pursuit that stimulated to its advancement. He studied his present health, and how to obtain health hereafter. His pleasures were tempered by moderation, his passions curbed by prudence, and his whole conduct regulated by reason; insomuch that each night, when his head pressed the downy pillow where vice had never planted a thorn, he would say—'This day have I spent well. No embittering act have I committed; no unlawful word have I uttered; no vicious thought have I conceived.'—Then would a gentle sleep ensue, revive and invigorate the manly soul, and stimulate a conduct for to-day equal to the unblemished one of yesterday. Thus Decius lived two lengthened years—Oh, how envied! and oh, how happy!—At the end of this period, he saw the blooming and lovely Amanda, at once the grace and ornament of her sex—liberally educated—endowed with sense, and every charm to please and captivate mankind—he saw, he loved, and married her; and Heaven increased their mutual happiness by presenting them with a son, who was nearly a twelvemonth old when Philautus—the dissipated Philautus—returned from his travels, and flew in haste to congratulate his friend Decius on his increase of happiness by marriage, and the birth of a son. Decius, who expected to find his friend much improved in every manly virtue,

tue, cordially embraced him, welcomed him to his native land, and invited him to spend some time with him. This invitation Philautus accepted; but Decius was soon convinced of the fallacy of his conjectures. Instead of the generous, the affable Philautus, he had known in his youth, he found a man addicted to all the vicious habits of a heedless profligate, indulging in every species of debauchery, and deaf to every remonstrance on such improprieties. Philautus, who had gone on progressively, step by step, from one vice to another, had contracted a violent passion for gaming, by which he had greatly reduced his fortune; and very soon after his arrival he was obliged to apply to Decius for a supply of cash. This Decius complied with, tendering him the money with such observations and advice as became a friend. He wept for his conduct, warned him of the consequences likely to be the result of such enormities as he daily saw him commit, and used every effort in his power to produce a reformation in him; but all in vain;—a constant repetition will make the heart and mind, attached to any object or pursuit, good or bad, and steel the sense against conviction. Thus all remonstrances sounded harshly to his ear, and never gained attention.

Decius who, before the arrival of Philautus, had been as unruffled as the waters of a standing pool, now became more uncomfortable; yet sought consolation in the justness of his own conduct, and was concerned only for the conduct of Philautus, whom he saw so frequently precipitated into the most ignoble dissipation and debauchery. At length, finding him callous to any reasonable sentiment, he rather avoided than cherished his company, meeting him only at the ordinary meal-times, while he visited at his house.—This gave Philautus a frequent opportunity of meeting and conversing with the lovely Amanda, with whose charms he had been long enamoured, and whose person and sentiments needed but be known to be admired. Inured to every species of dissipation, and not unskilled in the insidious arts of hypocrisy and deceit, he endeavoured to seduce the wife of Decius—of his friend; but her prudence and virtue were proof against his insinuating designs, and his attempt upon the chastity of the fair Amanda proved fruitless.—Burning with desire, and frantic with rage and disappointment, he applied to his general recipe,—and, in the heat of inebriety, made a forcible attack upon the aimable female.—From the execution of his detested purpose he was, however, prevented by Decius, who flew (alarmed by the cries of his beloved wife) to her assistance. But what was his surprise and astonishment to find her struggling in the arms of Philautus! He immediately drove him from his house, and resolved never to see him more. Hatred and detestation of Decius, and desire for Amanda, immediately reared their standards in his bosom; and, resolving to execute the purpose of his soul, to which he knew no other barrier than her husband, he murdered the generous Decius, flew to the apartment of Amanda, and enforced compliance with his desires:—then, torn with the contending pangs of guilt, terror, and remorse, he looked around at the horrid devastation he had made, and put a period to his own existence, which disgraced humanity.

If then such atrocious crimes are the result of inebriety, (and that they are I think experience will prove to be true) how necessary is it for youths to check the first advances of this vice; to recollect that their health,

 their

their strength, their reason, nay—what is still more dear—their soul, may probably be the price; and begin at an early age to exercise their reason, by which they may shun those fatal allurements which generally end in pain and remorse. Could youth be made to see clearly the contrasted picture of a sober man and the drunkard, I trust there are few but would chuse to copy the former:—but, alas! their judgments are not ripe; their passions are strong, and they see as it were through a mist, which presents a confused prospect to their sight.—They think it time enough to reflect, and no prudential lessons can restrain youthful impetuosity,

> 'Till dire experience proves, alas! too late,
> The horrors of a vitiated state.'

From the foregoing observations may be plainly seen the baneful effects of inebriety, the destructive consequences to be dreaded from it; and the real and permanent advantages to be gained by a temperate life—the calm, collected pre-eminence afforded by sobriety; by which we are enabled to soar above the prejudiced opinions of a gross world, and form an idea of a future state;—by which we are blest with health and strength,—with an unruffled mind, and conscience unburthened. A youth of sobriety and industry is crowned with a happy and peaceful old age; and when Death, that awful leveller, appears, we view his terrors with a smile, and yield our breath without a pang.

TOM JONES.

Norwich, May 10, 1801.

PARISIAN FASHIONS,

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

ONE of the newest and most elegant articles in the ball *costume* is the *mantle of Venus.* It consists of a long drapery, rose-colour or sky-blue, trimmed with acorns and silver fringe all round. This is gathered into a clasp, which attaches to the point of the right shoulder, leaving one-third of it floating loose behind, while the remaining two-thirds of the whole length are brought round, and hang down before, or are fastened at the side, or tucked up in a festoon in the hand. This dress accommodates itself with great felicity to all the movements of the dance, and is well calculated to display to advantage the graceful attitudes of the wearer. The head-dress, to correspond, is generally the *coeffure au diademe,* being a close cap of the same colour as the mantle; the hair appearing in ringlets on the forehead and at the sides, ornamented with crescents in front, and a single ostrich feather fastened at the left side, and inclining over to the right. The mantle is worn over a white *chemise,* very short in the sleeves, and open at the bosom, with Vandyke trimming at the bottom. The slippers white satin, with very long quarters.—With the exception of some loose hair that flows negligently over the eyes and the cheeks, our *élégantes* generally wear their hair short.

The late brilliant assemblage at the opera did not display any variety, although there were several exact imitations of antique head-dresses, disposed in hair, and embellished with bands of white and rose-coloured satin. Some of the *élégantes* wore bracelets of diamonds, and garlands of leaves or flowers on their head-dresses. There was very little else worth remarking, with the exception of *esprits* in half-turbans of white satin, of veils in the Iphigenia style, surmounted with a crown of white roses. The robes were, in general, of white and rose-colour, or of black crape, and with short sleeves.

Next

Next to head-dresses in simple hair, which increases with the progress of the season, straw hats are the most common ornaments of the head. The hats *à la hulan* are still still very rare, because it is difficult to copy them, and therefore costly. —White *capotes* are worn with a drapery of lilac crape, and the rose-coloured one with a drapery of white twisted silk. The most fashionable of them are of white satin, and ornamented with two white feathers. The newest garlands are of peach-tree blossoms, and the newest ribbons are of two different sorts of stripes, either orange or rose stripes upon a white ground, or jonquil stripes upon a ground of Egyptian earth. Muslin *canezous* have succeeded the cloth Spencers, some plaited before like a *chemise* handkerchief, and others resembling a Spencer: most of them are trimmed with lace.—From the women of the highest rank and fashion to the little milliner's girl, our females universally prefer head-dresses of hair.—A yellow straw hat, with a full crown and scarce any rim, is likewise worn.—The ribbons are of an Egyptian earth-brown, with coloured borders, variously radiated or spotted.

The ladies, in all their dress, and the furniture of their apartments, show an enthusiastic partiality for the forms and fashions which were preferred among the ancient Greeks and Romans.

The men are, in many instances, equally far gone in the Anglo-mania. The coats are deep blue: not so high in the collar, but crimped in the shoulders, and not near so graceful as before. Velvet collars are not worn. Round broad metal buttons are in use, seven on each side: the lapels are short. The pantaloons, like the breeches, reach almost up to the breast, and the waistcoat is as high as the neck-handkerchief.

LONDON FASHIONS.

Full Dress.

THE patent rustic hat.—This light and elegant hat, or bonnet, is made of crimped straw, wove in a frame with silk; turned up on side, or in front, with a bunch of straw and wild-corn flowers, or a bunch of oats; finished at top with a straw rosette.—Cap of white muslin, with a deep lace border, ornamented with green plaited ribbon, and green flower in front.—Turban of white muslin, ornamented with beads and white ostrich feathers.—Hat made of blue silk, and turned up in front. —Half-dress cap made of white muslin, and ornamented with green wreaths.—Hat of straw and ribbon interwoven; turned up in front, and ornamented with a bunch of roses. —Dress hat of silk; turned up in front, and ornamented with white ostrich feathers.—Cap of muslin, ornamented with red roses and white ostrich feathers.—Large straw hat, trimmed and tied under the chin with blue ribbons.

Full-length Walking-Dresses.

Round dress of white muslin.—Spencer cloak of worked muslin, trimmed all round with white lace. Bonnet of white muslin; the crown full, and confined across with white ribbon; bows of white ribbon before and behind.

Blue habit, trimmed with gold cord. Hat trimmed with gold band, and black feather in front.

Miscellaneous Observations.—The colours are lilac, pea-green, yellow, and navy-blue. Split straws, and fine chips, in the pilgrim and Obi shapes, prevail in hats. A new bouffont girdle and trimming is beginning to be much worn round the shoulder and arms. Several new bonnets, in crape and satin, have, as usual, been inventedat this season. Spencer cloaks, and short pelices, made of white and coloured muslin, trimmed with lace, are becoming general.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES,

Written on seeing a Rose still blooming at a Cottage Door on Egham Hill, October 29, 1800.

WHY dost thou linger still, sweet flower?
Why yet remain thy leaves to flaunt?
This is for thee no fost'ring hour—
The cold wind blows,
And many a chilling, ruthless shower
Will now assail *thee!* beauteous rose!

Around thee hardy trees may shew
Their verdant branches later still;
But thy soft blushes, taught to glow
For summer's day,
Must, when the wintry tempests blow—
Like Beauty's cheek, fade fast away!

Youth's glowing emblem! wherefore stay,
And waste thy balmy breath around?
This is for thee a killing day:
Then, wherefore here
Exhaust thy life in sighs away,
Bath'd in chill winter's frozen tear.

Thou emblemest the beauteous mind,
Thrown on misfortune's gloomy scene!
Unheeded, with the wild-weeds twin'd—
Thou here art plac'd!
Thou! whom, by Nature's hand design'd,
Might'st Beauty's breast have proudly grac'd.

Sweet rose! methinks I hear thee say,
I might have bask'd in Beauty's smile!
Have fainted in the blue eye's ray,
And shrunk in death!
For short had been my glowing day,
And quickly past — my fleeting breath!

I might have bound the golden hair,
Whose folds in wavy lustre glow;
Or sported on the forehead fair!
But one short day
Had seen my beauties rich and rare—
Droop—and for ever fade away!

Here, the poor hovel still displays
My ling'ring form, while rival flowers
Long since have seen their sunny days,
And shed their sweets;—
Yet here—my bosom, morning's rays
And morning's tears—unvanquish'd meets!

Then, happier far the lowly cot,
Where Nature's modest children reign,
Than e'en Ambition's loftier lot;
For wealth and power,
In blank Oblivion's gloom forgot—
Are phantoms, like a summer flower!

THE WEDDING RING.

ANNETTE was milder than the dew
That spangles Arno's scented grove;
And Lubin, constant, fond, and true,
As ever told the tale of love.

One eve, with chaste yet mantling smile,
He bade her "guess what he could bring,"
Then, from a bosom void of guile,
He blush'd, and, trembling, took a ring.

The maiden flutter'd, sidled, sigh'd—
Oh, Cupid! 'twas a charming scene!—
And, with affected coyness cried,
"Dear! what can such a trinket mean?"

"Mean!"

"Mean!" said the youth, with glowing cheek,
And flurried that she so mistook;
"A ring-dove dropt it from his beak,
"I pick'd it up in yonder brook.

"And much we owe, my lovely fair,
"To this kind token of the dove,
"Who dropt it for the purpose there,
"A faithful emblem of our love.

"It is of *clearest gold*, refin'd,
"Affection's chastest sign, be sure;
"And *polish'd*, like my Annette's mind,
"As simply elegant and pure.

"It's *round* too—what is that to prove?
"To what can such an emblem tend?
"What! but th' eternity of love,—
"A love, like mine, that knows no end.

"Annette, they say—nay, in this curve,
"No sorc'ry lurks nor lawless art,—
"That in this finger there's a nerve
"Which leads directly to the heart.

"Touch'd by this gold—for raptur'd there
"Love's charming witcheries are such,
"Fancy would falter to declare
"The thrilling pleasure—shall I touch?"

It struck her finger—raptur'd quite,
She cried, "You're foolish, get you gone;
"Yet, if the touch be such delight,
"What happiness to put it on!"

He seiz'd the hint; the willing maid
Scarce knew what she had said or done—
But Love's sweet influence obey'd,
And kiss'd the ring that made them one.

And now, when rude or playful jest
At happy wedlock has its fling,
She clasps her Lubin to her breast,
And smiling shews her—Wedding-Ring.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

(From Poems by Anne Bannerman.)

Be hush'd, ye angry winds, that sweep,
Resistless, o'er the polar coast:
Thou swell'st no more, tremendous deep!
I lock thee in eternal frost.
My will supreme, mine awful sway,
The earth, the air, the sea obey;
My glance pervades the realms of space;
Each hidden spring this arm can trace;
O'er all the prostrate world my power extends,
Alike on Zembla's ice, on Zaara's burning sands.

Amid the lightning's forky flame,
While, driven on high, the billows roll;
'Tis mine to loose the struggling frame,
And mine to soothe the parting soul:
I come, on viewless winds reclin'd,
To cheer the wretch, whom fetters bind,
To crush the oppressor's giant crest,
To hurl destruction on his breast;
Amid the spoil his abject soul adores,
While trembling earth recoils along her utmost shores.

What form is that, half-hid in air,
Round whose pale brow the torrents roar?
'Tis Freedom! mark her deep despair;
She points to Afric's bleeding shore.
Hark! what a groan!—with horror wild,
I see the mother clasp her child;
"My son, my son!" she madly cries;—
Spare, monsters, spare her agonies!—
Too late, for, rapid, to the vessel's side
She flies, and, plunging, sinks beneath the billowy tide.

Proceed unmov'd, ye men of blood!
Your course along the waters urge;
No winds shall vex the unruffled flood,
Nor toss on high the deaf'ning surge.
Now, for your happy homes prepare;
But, curb your joy, I meet you there.

Then,

Then, as your friends, your infant race,
Rush wildly to your fond embrace,
Before your eyes a ghastly form shall stand,
And o'er her infant weep, and wave her beck'ning hand.

Fierce thro' the desert's frightful sand,
When Cancer rules the burning day,
The Arab leads his daring band,
Exulting on their perilous way.
"Prepare!" he cries, "prepare for war!
Mark yonder sandy cloud afar;
We share the blood, we share the toil,
And we shall share the glorious spoil;
Collect your courage, now the foe is nigh;
Victorious, we return; — subdued, revenge and die."

But, vengeful, on the rushing wind,
I come to toss the sandy waves;
To whelm the spoilers of their kind,
Inglorious, in untimely graves.
Yon livid flame, that flings on high
Its terrors thro' the redd'ning sky;
Glares on your van, in awful state,
The herald of impending fate.
I speak—the suffocating blast descends
In clouds of fluid fire; and Nature's conflict ends.

Where the wild ocean's heaving waves
Boil round Magellan's stormy coast;
When long and loud the tempest raves,
I mark the straining vessel tost,
By night along unfathom'd seas,
I see the living current freeze;
As horror grasps each fainting form,
High mid the fury of the storm:
Till the tall masts in scatter'd fragments lie,
And, plung'd amid the surge, the sufferers sink, and die.

Soft be your bed, and sweet your rest,
Ye luckless tenants of the deep!
And, o'er each cold and shroudless breast,
May spirits of the waters weep!
And still, when awful midnight reigns,
My harp shall join in solemn strains;
My voice shall echo to the waves,
That dash above your coral graves;
Blest be the gloom, that wraps each sacred head,
And blest th' unbroken sleep, and silence of the dead!

High on yon cloud's cerulean seat,
I ride sublime thro' æther blue,
To fling, while reigns the power of heat,
On fainting earth the summer dew:
I bid the rose in crimson glow,
And spread the lily's robe of snow;
I waft from heaven the balmy breeze,
That sighs along the sleeping seas;
What time the spirit of the rock is nigh,
To pour upon the night his heaven-taught melody.

But, far beyond the solar blaze,
Again I wing my rapid flight;
Again I cleave the liquid maze,
Exulting in immortal might.
O'er me nor cold, nor heat, prevails,
Nor poison from malignant gales;
I glide along the trackless coast,
That binds the magazines of frost;
Encompass'd by the raging storm,
I smile at danger's threat'ning form;
I mock destruction on his tow'ring seat,
And leave the roaring winds, contending at my feet.'

SONGS *in the New* COMIC OPERA *of the* BLIND GIRL.

FREDERICK. Mazinghi.

THE British tar no peril knows,
But, fearless, braves the angry deep;
The ship's his cradle of repose,
And sweetly rocks him to his sleep.
He, though the raging surges swell,
In his hammock swings,
When the steersman sings
Steady she goes—all's well.

While to the main-top yard he springs,
An English vessel heaves in view;
He asks, but it no letter brings
From bonny Kate, he lov'd so true.
Then

Then sighs he for his native dell,
Yet to hope he clings,
When the seaman sings
'Steady she goes—all's well!'
The storm is pass'd, the battle's o'er,
Nature and man repose in peace;
Then, homeward bound, on England's shore
He hopes for joys that ne'er will cease.
His Kate's sweet voice those joys foretell,
And his big heart springs
While the steersman sings
'Steady she goes—all's well!'

SPLASH.

TO tell where I've been,
Or what fair ones I've seen,
In places where I my abode took,
I'm sure it wou'd fill
A Chancery bill,
Or as long be as Paterson's road-book.
First at Acton and Ealing,
Their faces I'm peeling,
At Ilchester and Dorchester,
And Chichester and Porchester,
At Woolwich and Highgate,
And Dulwich and Ryegate,
At Beckington and Oakingham,
At Buckingham and Rockingham,
At Brummagem
I rummage 'em,
At Deptford and Hampton,
And Bedford and Bampton,
At Harlow and Charmouth,
And Marlow and Yarmouth,
At Dartford and Darking,
And Harford and Barking,
At Wor'ster and Chester,
And Glo'ster and Leicester,
At Teddington and Amersham,
And Paddington and Feversham,
And Holyhead and Riverhead,
Maidenhead and Leatherhead.
In chaises and four, I've rattled off to Daventry,
And many is the time that I've been *sent to Coventry*.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

SUCH charming lines, and from a hand so fair,
How shall I strive to praise, or how forbear!
Such heavenly sense with so much beauty join'd,
An angel form, and a seraphic mind;
Transported with variety of charms,
Th' inviting theme my glowing bosom warms;
But when I would my Fair's perfection write,
With awful fear I view the distant height,
Confess my weakness, and correct my flight.
Her lovely shape, her graceful air and mien,
And snowy bosom, dangerous to be seen;
Her beauteous face, her all-observing eye,
And hands that with the fairest lilies vie;
Her charms innumerable, all conspire
To waken love, and kindle soft desire;
Blest with each grace, that we perfection call,
She knows their worth, and yet disdains them all—
All but the charms of virtuous innocence,
Her joy, her hope, her portion, her defence,—
Happiest of mortals! only happier he,
Whom heav'n shall bless with such a nymph as thee.

6th May 1801. L. G.

GAIA;
OR, WILLY RHYMER'S ADDRESS TO HIS LONDON LANDLADIES.

[*Taken from G. Dyer's Poems, just published.*]

YE landladies jolly and gay,
Who flirt in the great London town,
Who dress and look fine ev'ry day;—
Ev'ry day brings you many a crown.

Too proud your trim lodgings to shew,
Such chambers no shelter afford,—
But to him who looks spruce as a beau,
But to him who can strut like a lord.

Oh! hear a poor poet complain,
With many sad sons of the quill,
How deeply their pockets you drain,
How quickly your purses you fill.

Awhile cease to flirt in the ring,—
Perchance you are playing at loo,
Of Gaia, good Gaia I sing,
A landlady honest and true.

Remote

Remote from the noise of a town,
Unread in the jargon of schools,
This landlady lives in renown,
And squares by the wisest of rules.

She toils in her own humble cot,
The village is full of her praise—
The rustics all envy her lot,
Her poet shall grace her with lays.

Her cottage, so decent and neat,
Might gladden a lady most fine,
Her table so cleanly and sweet,
That with her a princess might dine.

Her provident hands never spare,
Her friends she will help to the best,
For, tho' she maintains, friends are rare,
She soon makes a friend of her guest.

Do her friends e'er complain they are ill,
She will act the Samaritan's part,
Tho' boasting no medical skill,
She knows how to comfort the heart.

On Sundays at church she is seen,
With silks and with posy so sweet,
And, as she walks over the green,
Each neighbour she kindly will greet.

For Gaia loves king and her church,
And thinks it a maxim most true,
That who leaves a poor priest in the church
Would soon rob the king of his due.

Yet her's is a catholic heart;—
Good Noncons kind Gaia could love;
To all she will kindness impart,
As mercy she looks for above.

Her garden, tho' small, can afford
A portion for pleasure and use;
To cousins, when seen at her board,
She cakes and good wine can produce.

A neat little damsel is by,
Who waits, and who works at her will;
And a spinning-wheel always is nigh,
That Molly may never stand still.

She gives to each rosy-fac'd boy
A cake, if he reads his book well;—
The scraps gives the beggar-man joy;
Gipsey Bet all her praises will tell.

Like the bee and the provident ant,
She toils, and she spends, and she spares;
And tho' she looks shy at a cant,
Yet Gaia will oft say her pray'rs.

Ye landladies jolly and gay;
Give Gaia the praise that is due,
And call her,—for call her you may,
A landlady honest and true.

And now I have finish'd my lays,
To her tho' mere virtues belong;—
But Gaia ne'er ask'd for my praise;
And therefore I give her a song.

SONNET.

BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

DRY be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
Nor season's day, nor fate shall prove
More fix'd—more true than I!
Hush'd be that sigh—be dry that tear,
Cease, boding doubt—cease, anxious fear.

Ask'st thou how long my vows shall stay
When all that's new is past?
How long—ah, Delia! can I say
How long my life will last?
Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die!

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he, who only breathes for you,
Must yield that faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here!

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

LOST in the bloom of life, lamented maid,
Sweet be thy slumbers in death's dreary shade;
And when thou leav'st thy lowly bed of rest,
O may'st thou mount, and mingle with the blest!

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Petersburgh, March 7.

THE emperor has published an ukase, in which he declares, that to give the sovereign order of St. John of Jerusalem a proof of his affection, he has resolved to take it under Imperial protection, and will use every means to maintain its rights, honour, privileges, and property: he has therefore appointed count Soltikow to exercise the functions and authority of lieutenant or vicar of the grand-master of the order, till a proper place and means may be agreed on by the different courts of Europe for holding a general chapter of the order, to choose a grand-master worthy to preside over it, and restore it to its ancient dignity.

Constantinople, April 8. Lord Elgin, the English ambassador at this place, has received the following important news:

After the affair of Aboukir, and the well-contested action of the 13th of March, general Menou assembled his whole force, and flew to oppose the English, who had pushed forward to the neighbourhood of Alexandria.

The English general Abercromby found it necessary to attack the French. He gave them battle on the 22d of March, beat them, and obliged them to retreat. About 2000 French were left on the field of battle, 500 were taken, and their cavalry, consisting of 2500 men, were wholly dispersed.

The remaining part of the troops of general Menou retreated, some towards Cairo, and some towards Alexandria.

The English army, on the 24th of March, began its march against Alexandria, in expectation of making a conquest of that important city.

In the battle of the 22d, the loss of the English was very considerable indeed, for the French fought with a degree of bravery almost incredible.

The English fleet chased a French squadron that was bringing supplies to Egypt. In the course of its cruise it captured a fleet of Danish and Swedish ships convoyed by two frigates. This fleet consisted of nearly 100 merchantmen, mostly laden with corn, which the English fleet sent to England.

General Abercromby on the 25th of March expected a corps of 6000 Arnauts, which the grand vizier had sent to join him.

Lisbon, April 8. The conditions upon which Portugal will be allowed to purchase the forbearance of France from the meditated invasion, are said to be, that Portugal shall shut its ports against England, sequestrate British property, and cede to Spain some part of the Brazils. As we have no force adequate to resist an invading army, it is thought that the pretensions of France must be granted. The English merchants, therefore, will shortly quit Portugal.

It is reported, however, that the French will keep up a body of troops in Spain, for the purpose of watching the execution of the treaty; and if English ships shall receive any assistance in our ports, garrisons will be marched into our towns, and a cordon drawn along the coast.

Count Pombeira is shortly expected from London, with pacific assurances from the cabinet of St. James's, as England had the option of sending an army for our defence, or permitting us to make the best terms which circumstances would permit.

10. Though war is declared against this kingdom by Spain, no hostilities have begun. The Spaniards bring their effects by land as usual, though our troops are sent to the frontiers, fresh recruits raising, and a vigorous defence resolved on by this government.

Aranjo, till lately resident in France, during

during the revolution, is ready to sail for that country with a flag of truce, and we hope will be successful in his embassy; however, the prince regent has declared he will do nothing against the interest of England.—There are 30 millions of dollars at the Rio de Janeiro, Spanish property, to come under the Portuguese flag. This clashes with the Spanish declaration of war, and the inactivity of Spain makes it look like a farce.—We are, however, in dread, though our hopes are favourable.

Bayonne, April 15. General Leclerc, commanding the corps of observation of Gironde, has reviewed the first division of the French army destined to act against Portugal, consisting of 10,000 men, and a train of artillery of 30 pieces of cannon. After the review, he recommended to the officers and soldiers to behave with the necessary attention to the customs and habits of a friendly people, with whom they were going to fight the only allies which England possessed upon the continent.

Copenhagen, April 17. The Russian ambassador, M. Lisakewitz, yesterday received a courier from his court, with directions to declare to admiral Parker, that his majesty, the emperor, was desirous of accommodating the differences between Russia and England. A swift sailing cutter was sent off after admiral Parker, to communicate this intelligence to him, if possible, before the English fleet falls in with the Russian, which is at sea in the Baltic.—Other instructions have already been sent off to the Russian fleet.

Vienna, April 18. In the night between the 16th and 17th instant, the English ambassador, lord Minto, received, by a courier from Constantinople, an account of the successful landing of the English in Egypt on the 8th of March. The fort of Aboukir, it is said, was afterwards carried by storm. General Abercromby was on his march towards Cairo, as was also the grand vizier. The English have there a number of friends; 15,000 Copts had joined the French army; preparations were making at Aboukir to receive the troops of the captain pacha.

Lisbon, April 20. The Earl Gower packet was chased into port by the Spaniards, who have a man of war and three frigates off the coast, with which they have taken several Portuguese vessels, and are hovering about in expectation of capturing some valuable Brazil ships on their return. Two English merchantmen, that were sent hither without freight, merely to run home with fruit, were taken by them.

Mr. Drummond and his family leave this place in the Endymion frigate; and it is expected that prince Adolphus is also about to take his departure.

Before this arrives in England an ambassador will have left this for France; it is understood that the terms of Bonaparte must be acceded to.

Several riots have taken place in consequence of the extreme scarcity of bread.

In imitation of the English, the Portuguese have begun to levy taxes; they have laid a tax on hats, and three per cent. on all their own manufactures.

The French have 20,000 men on their march towards Portugal. The plague at this moment rages dreadfully in Gallicia.

21. We are now perfectly easy respecting the threatened invasion of this kingdom by France and Spain. A negotiation is on foot that will terminate the difference.—A convoy will sail from hence for England on the 3d of May.

Wesel, April 25. The Prussian troops have taken possession of Bremerlehe, as well as of all the ports of the electorate of Hanover which are situated in the North Sea. The mouths of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems, are shut. Besides that, small Prussian garrisons are posted at equal distances on the coast. Several regiments of cavalry and infantry are already arrived from the interior of Prussia in Hanover, and we expect more troops. The fort of Hameln, which is considered as the key of the electorate of Hanover, has at present a numerous Prussian garrison. On the other side, we continue to form magazines of provisions at Minden and

and at Ham for the troops who arrive daily from Brandenburg and Silesia, as well as for those expected from Pomerania.

Copenhagen, April 25. The fleet of admiral Parker is now returned from the Baltic.

It was probably before Carlscrona when the intelligence from Russia was communicated to admiral Parker, signifying the wish of the emperor to enter into an amicable accommodation of the present misunderstanding.

The fleet of admiral Dickson is in sight in the Cattegat.

Yesterday an English courier arrived here; he brought dispatches to our government, and others to admiral Parker, which were immediately sent off to the latter.

26. The English fleet having been come up with by the swift-sailing cutter which carried an officer with dispatches from the Russian ambassador, M. Lisakewitz, to admiral Parker, has now returned from the Baltic. The greater part of it has, since yesterday evening, lain in the bay of Kloger: some ships have to-day sailed for the Sound.

28. The English admiral, sir Hyde Parker, has written a very polite answer to the Russian ambassador, M. Lisakewitz, in which he expresses his happiness at learning the pacific dispositions of his Russian majesty, and that he had immediately given orders for all hostilities against the Russians, Danes, and Swedes, to cease.

It is now said that the English fleet, which returned from before Carlscrona to Copenhagen, on receiving advice of the pacific inclinations of his Russian majesty, will sail for England with the first fair wind. The hope that the dispute between England and the Northern Powers will soon be finally accommodated gains new strength every day.

To-day a courier will set out from our court for St. Petersburgh, who will carry to major-general count Lowendahl his credentials as Danish ambassador at the court of Russia.

Paris, May 1. In consequence of the decision of the Porte to release all the French prisoners detained at Constantinople and in the forts of the Black Sea, general Salcette, citizens Bessieres, Charbonnel, and several other officers of artillery, are already arrived at Ancona. Letters from Constantinople of the 25th of March announce that it was said there that general Abercromby, who had succeeded in landing in Egypt, had been attacked by general Menou, who killed 3000 men and made 5000 prisoners.

6. By the *arrêt* of the consuls of the 20th of October, the inscriptions on the lists of emigrants, which were to be erased, are divided into eleven classes.

The most numerous is that of persons described as labourers, artisans, &c. This part of the work is finished: and near 21,000 persons are erased from the list.

The part which relates to women is also finished: and the names of 11,000 women have been erased.

The government has also pronounced upon the erasures proposed by the two last commissioners; and has withdrawn the number of 6875.

The examination of the other classes who are to be erased is pursued with activity.

Letters from the Hague of the 21st of April mention, that bets to a considerable amount have been made at Amsterdam, that a peace will be concluded with England in two months.

The Dutch fleet, which is stated, in an article from the Hague of the 28th of April, to be completely armed and equipped, consists of the following force, according to the same article:—The division of the Texel, 13 ships of the line, several frigates, and other vessels of inferior size. The division of the Meuse, five ships of the line and several other vessels. The division of the Scheldt, one ship of the line, two frigates, and several cutters, or brigs. Exclusive of the above, there are one hundred gun-boats, which defend the several mouths of the rivers of the Batavian republic.

Letters from Manheim of the 27th of April state, that the elector of Bavaria had requested and obtained from general Moreau three French officers, to assist him to organise his troops on the French plan.

HOME NEWS.

Perth, April 21.

A Very singular accident happened here last night, about five o'clock, in one of the buildings in the King's-Arms Inn, long possessed by Mrs. Marshall, and now by Mr. John Martin; the ground story of which was occupied as the kitchen, the first floor being a large dining-room, and the upper one garrets. The roof suddenly gave way, and by the great weight of the grey stone slates, with which it was covered, precipitated the whole mass through the garrets and dining-room to the kitchen. Immediately before the accident happened, the justiciary court now sitting here was about to pronounce sentence of death upon an unfortunate man, named West, for housebreaking and theft; and as the King's-Arms Tavern is almost adjacent to the court, from this circumstance there was no person in the house, but one of the maid servants in the kitchen. Mrs. Martin being in the close, and seeing the building begin to give way, called to the maid to run out, as the house was falling. There was a large dresser in the middle of the kitchen, and the maid running round it to get out at the door, just as she was turning the farthest corner of the dresser, the whole suddenly fell in. Very providentially, however, the floor above that side of the kitchen where the maid was did not fall flat in, but formed, as it were, the hypothenuse of a triangle, by which circumstance the maid escaped with very little hurt. About an hour before the accident, a considerable company had got dinner in the dining room. Mr. Martin's loss, in furniture, &c. will be considerable. There were twelve bolls of corn on the garret floor when the roof fell in.

Jersey, April 27. Every information from France more and more confirms the hostile resolution of the enemy against these islands. Government being at a considerable expence, we have the very best intelligence from those employed on the coast of France. By a gentleman just arrived, we learn, that general Humbert, who commanded the expedition to Ireland, is now at St. Maloes, where he has resided more than a month, to make, by order of the first consul, the necessary arrangements for another expedition. Troops were hourly expected at St. Maloes from Rennes. Several frigates, some of which lately slipped out of Brest, were at St. Maloes, at which place there were also 75 gun-boats, and such a variety of flat-bottomed boats as were capable of accommodating nearly 9000 men, with field artillery, &c. &c. for a descent. Recollecting the late observations of Bonaparte, that he would, when necessitated, look upon these islands as stepping stones to England, we begin, I assure you, to consider seriously of our unfortunate approximation to France. Since the last reconnoitre, we learn, that the troops expected have arrived at St. Maloes; that the enemy's strength had consequently very much increased; and that, knowing an immediate object was a descent on these islands, our apprehensions, but not our fears, have also multiplied with our critical emergency.

London, April 29. This day, immediately after the arrival of messengers from Hamburg and Berlin, the secretary of state transmitted the following letter to the lord mayor:

" *Downing-street,*

" MY LORD, *April* 29.

" I have great satisfaction in informing you, that, by letters received this day from lord Carysfort and sir James Crawfurd, the courts of Berlin and Copenhagen

Copenhagen have determined to re-open the rivers of the North of Germany, and that all vessels whatever will be allowed to navigate those rivers without molestation. I beg your lordship will have the goodness to make this intelligence as public as possible in the city.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) "HAWKESBURY."

Dublin, May 2. Last Wednesday morning, a respite was sent off from Dublin to Lifford for Mr. Napper Tandy, until the 28th of May.

4. The intelligence which reached us on Saturday, viz. of the courts of Berlin and Copenhagen having agreed to re-permit the free intercourse of trade, by British shipping, with Hamburgh, Lubeck, and the other Northern ports of Germany, gave a wonderful elevation to the spirits of the merchants and manufacturers; the five per cents. experienced an immediate rise of one half per cent. at the commercial buildings.

A little after nine o'clock on Saturday night one of the upper lofts of the Commissary's store-house (a large warehouse built by Mr. Williamson in South Lime-street, near Rogerson's quay) was discovered to be on fire. In less than an hour, notwithstanding the exertions of the people and the aid of the engines from the neighbouring parishes, the fire had reached the roof, which fell in about eleven. It then communicated irresistibly to the lower floors, and in a few hours the whole of the inside of the building, with its contents, was reduced to ashes.

London, May 5. Yesterday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, a most horrid murder was perpetrated at Stepney Common, on a woman of the name of Johnson, wife of a milk carrier, in the employment of Mr. Egg, of Narrow-street, Limehouse. The husband of the deceased, on his return home, found his wife bleeding on the floor, with her head beat in with a hammer, which was lying on the floor close by her. All the clothes they possessed were tied up in a bundle ready to be taken away: the murderer took twelve shillings, being the whole that the poor people had saved the preceding week.

Dublin, May 6. Monday evening last, a farmer residing near the demesne of the right hon. Mr. Conolly, at Castletown, was stopped by two villains, and robbed of upwards of 300 guineas, and some silver. They also took from him his horse. After they had robbed him and retired, the farmer made what haste he could, to give the alarm to the guard at Mr. Conolly's. They immediately assisted, and, with a party of that gentleman's servants, commenced a pursuit; the villains took to a wood, and were so closely followed that one of them was observed throwing a blunderbuss he had away—the other was fired at by a fisherman of Mr. Conolly's, which fire the offender returned, but neither had effect. Both were at length apprehended. One of them has acknowledged to have been guilty of many atrocities. He confessed to be one of a party who robbed the house of Mr. Conolly of arms some time since, and directed where two blunderbusses concealed were discovered, that were taken at the time belonging to that gentleman.

Plymouth, May 7. This morning arrived the Joseph hired armed cutter, of 14 guns, from Minorca, with dispatches for government, which were landed on Tuesday last, at Mount's Bay. The Joseph, on the 22d ult. saw four sail of Spanish ships of war standing to the southward; and on the following day, saw five other Spanish line of battle ships, one of which chased the Joseph a considerable distance: they are supposed to have escaped from Brest. Advices were received at Minorca, by the Mutine sloop of war, that the squadrons of rear-admiral sir J. B. Warren and admiral Gantheaume were in sight of each other on the 4th ult. between Sardinia and Malta; that two of the enemy's ships had lost their foremasts, and were retreating to Toulon, and that the British squadron were in pursuit, and gaining fast on them. The Mutine sloop of war sailed on the 7th ultimo, from Minorca, with dispatches for

for Egypt. The Joseph arrived at Gibraltar on the 16th; the San Fiorenzo frigate, and Louisa sloop of war, were in the Bay, and a French brig privateer, of 14 guns, brought in the preceding day by the Louisa. Four of the transports which sailed from England, under convoy of the San Fiorenzo frigate, have been captured by the Spanish gun-boats in the Gut of Gibraltar. Arrived the French brig privateer Jupiter, of 14 guns, with 80 men, captured on the 1st inst. by the Leda frigate.

Portsmouth, May 9. On Wednesday a court-martial was held on board the Gladiator, in the harbour, on captain Dunn, for the loss of his majesty's ship Incendiary, which was taken by admiral Gantheaume's squadron, in the Mediterranean. Lieutenant Jump, commander of the Sprightly cutter, was also tried for her being taken by the same squadron. They were both acquitted. On Thursday Mr. J. R. Payne, purser of his Majesty's ship Hindostan, was tried by a court-martial, for absenting himself without leave, and defrauding several of the officers and ship's crew of money due to them. The charge being proved, the court adjudged him to be mulcted of all his pay, and other allowances due to him as purser of the Hindostan, and to be imprisoned in the Marshalsea six months.

Dublin, May 9. We are informed from the county of Wicklow, that last week a dreadful conflagration took place in the woods of Ballyarthur, the seat of the rev. James Symes, near Arklow. It raged for some time with the utmost fury, and threatened total destruction to one of the most sublimely beautiful scenes which that country boasts. Fortunately the wind was moderate, and Mr. Symes had an extraordinary number of workmen collected for the purpose of finishing his spring farming work. By their unremitting exertions, in cutting lanes through the wood to prevent the spreading of the fire, and in carrying water from an adjoining pond, the flames were at length, with much difficulty and hazard, suppressed. It is computed that five acres of wood, valued at above 200l. have been consumed. This accident was occasioned by the negligence of some hoop cutters employed in the wood, who had kindled a fire for the purposes of their work, and at dinner hour fell asleep, when the fire communicated to some chips, dry leaves, &c. and before they awoke had nearly enclosed them. They, and some of the persons employed in extinguishing the fire, were severely scorched.

London, May 11. On the evening of the 29th of April last, a trunk was stolen out of a cart near Covent-garden, containing a quantity of jewels, pearls, &c. to the value of upwards of 1000l. and to discover which every means was taken by advertisement, &c. but nothing transpired respecting it till Friday morning last, when intelligence was gained by some of the Bow-street officers, that the trunk had been stolen by a soldier belonging to the guards, who had immediately conveyed it in a hackney coach to a public-house in Golden-lane, where it was said to have been opened by himself and the landlady, who purchased the contents for the small sum of *seven pounds*. In consequence of this information, the soldier was immediately taken into custody, and in his possession was found a writing-desk, which there is every reason to believe was stolen, containing twenty-one guineas and a half, and for the possession of which, on his examination the same evening at Bow-street, before Mr. Bond, he could give no probable account. The publican, his wife, and daughter, were also taken into custody, and on searching them, a silk handkerchief was found on the person of the wife, and a small trinket on the daughter, which were identified as being part of the property contained in the trunk when stolen, and the soldier was positively sworn to as being the man that brought the said trunk to their house. They were therefore all, except the daughter, who is not twelve years of age, ordered to be detained. The property belonged to a French emigrant, who had just arrived in England, and

who

who was intrusted with a number of letters and papers of the greatest consequence. They were unfortunately in the same trunk.

12. Yesterday captain M'Mahon, aid-de-camp to lieutenant-general Trigge, commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in the West-Indies, and captain Erskine, of the navy, arrived with dispatches, announcing the capture of St. Bartholomew, St. Martin, St. Thomas, and St. Croix. These islands were taken possession of by our troops with little resistance and loss. St. Martin was the only island in which the defence was vigorous. The 64th foot, and the 8th West-India regiment, were employed in the reduction of it. After a sharp resistance the enemy were compelled to enter into articles of capitulation.

BIRTHS.

April 22. At Brechin Castle, the lady of the honourable William Maule, of a son and heir.

Lady Elizabeth Palk, of a son, at her house, in Bruton-street.

The lady of lieutenant-colonel Vane, of the Coldstream-Guards, of a son.

23. The lady of Henry Howard, esq. of Corby Castle, Cumberland, of a son.

At Egham, lady Caroline Stuart Wortley, of a son.

May 2. At her father's house in Saville-row, the lady of George Seel Marten, esq. of Gaddeden, Herts, of a son.

At Cowes, Isle of Wight, Mrs. Busigny, wife of Edward Busigny, esq. banker, of a son.

4. In Portugal-street, Grosvenor-square, the lady of colonel Brownrigg, of a son.

10. Mrs. Pope, of Covent-Garden Theatre, of a daughter.

11. In Wimpole-street, the wife of Edward Long, jun. esq. of a daughter.

13. The honourable lady Dallas, Upper Harley-street, of a daughter.

14. The lady of Henry Martin, esq. of a daughter, at his house in Bloomsbury Place.

The lady of John Wenham Lewis, esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

April 20. At St. Mary's, Lambeth, Mr. Thomas Helps, of Wood-street, merchant, to miss Plucknett, daughter of Mrs. Watson, of Walcot-place.

At St. Giles's, by the rev. Hugh Austin, John Austin, esq. of the island of Barbadoes, to miss Lætitia Cartwright, of Notting Hill.

26. At Bideford, lieutenant-colonel Kirkman, of the 52d regiment, to Mrs. Buck, relict of the late G. S. Buck, esq. of Dadson, in the county of Devon.

At St. Luke's, Old-street, Mr. William Stanton, to miss Westcott.

At Stepney church, Mr. James Dams, of Barford, Nottingham, to miss Jones, of Blackwall.

27. By special licence, by the rev. Mr. Lewis, at his house, Farningham, Kent, Alexander Macleod, of Mulravenside, esq. late of Jamaica, to miss Dalmahoy, sister to the late rev. sir John Dalmahoy, bart.

Mr. Haslewood, of Hoxton, to miss Green, of Jermyn-street.

28. In Holles-street, Dublin, John Campbell, esq. captain in the royal artillery, to Mrs. Sneyd, widow of the late colonel Sneyd, of said regiment.

At St. Paul's church, Covent-Garden, Witney Melbourn West, esq. of Hammersmith, to miss Cromie, only daughter of sir Michael Cromie, bart.

At St. Mary's, Whitechapel, Mr. William Heale, of Queen-street, Cheapside, sugar-broker, to miss Christian Hill, of Aldgate High-street, niece to Mr. Henry Newton, of same place, wine-merchant.

30. At St. George's church, Southwark, Thomas Dickenson, esq. of Crutched Friars, to Mrs. Elizabeth Spyring, of Exeter.

W. D. Dawson, of Lemon-street, to miss Sophia Henderson, daughter of Mr. John Henderson, of Belgrave-place, Pimlico.

Mr. Frederic Garling, of King-street, Bloomsbury, to miss Spratt, of the same street.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Wm. Walker, esq. of the Inner Temple, to miss Champain, of Guilford-street.

May 2. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Arthur Davies, esq. of Forest-hall, in Carmarthenshire, to miss Sophia Browning, of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury.

At St. Mary-le-bone church, John Allsop, esq. of New Road, to miss Chambers, daughter of James Chambers, esq. of St. Pancras.

3. Henry Parnel, esq. son to sir John Parnel, bart. to the hon. miss Dawson, sister to earl Portarlington, and niece to the lord primate.

6. Mrs. Wilkinson, the rich Oxfordshire widow, of eighty, to Mr. Connor Field, an Hibernian, of twenty-five.

At Hanwell church, by the rev. Dr. Glasse, Mr. William Saxton, corn-merchant, of New Brentford, to miss C. Scott, daughter of Edward Scott, esq. of Seymour-street, Portman-square.

By the rev. Mr. Blinkinsop, Mr. Robert Meyrick, of Eton, to miss Sharratt, of Windsor.

10. At St. Mary-le-bone church, Mr. J. R. Vincent, of the East-India House, to miss Margaret Gilchrist, of Berners-street.

12. Mr. Archdale Palmer, of Fenchurch-street, to miss Quilter, daughter of James Quilter, esq. of Hadley, near Barnet.

At Margate, Mr. Wright, of Lambeth, to miss Dixon, of Margate.

At St. Mary's, Newington Butts, Mr. James Crouch, to miss Sarah Browne.

13. At St. Vedast, Mr. Roberts, of Cullum-street, son of Mr. Roberts, of Gutter-lane, to miss Spencer, daughter of Mr. Spencer, of Walworth, Surrey.

At Queen-square chapel, in Bath, by the rev. Nathaniel Morgan, the rev. Daniel Lysons, to miss Hardy, eldest daughter of the late col. Hardy.

16. At Mary-le-bone church, John Purcell, esq. jun. to miss Mary Frances Fitzgerald, daughter to John Fitzgerald, esq. of Alsop's-buildings, New Road.

DEATHS.

March 22. At Liverpool, Mr. Geo. Hutchison, merchant, of a deep decline.

April 22. After an illness of near 15 years, Mrs. Simson, wife of Mr. Thomas Simson, of Hertford.

23. Mrs. Mary Slack, wife of Mr. Henry Slack, of South Audley-street, aged 64 years.

Drowned, bathing in the Serpentine River, Mr. Charles Brome, engraver, late of Air-street, Piccadilly.

25. At Ashley, near Bath, in consequence of a fall from her horse, the lady of John M'Clintock, esq. of Drumcar, county of Louth, Ireland.

At Hampstead, John Bond, esq. lord of the manor of Hendon.

At Ripley, in Surrey, in the 82d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Harrison.

At Gloucester, Mrs. Harriot Neale, youngest daughter of the late George J. Bruere, esq. governor of Bermuda.

Mrs. Hannah Palmer, aged 81, of Charlton-place, Islington.

26. At Twickenham, Richard Hammond, esq.

Peregrine Philips, esq. of Sloane-square.

At Richmond, master Richard Gomm, third son of the late colonel Gomm.

27. At her house, at Acton, Mrs. Price, late of London-street.

In Great Cumberland-street, Mrs. Jennings, wife of J. C. Jennings, esq. barrister at law.

At the Vicarage, Yarcombe, Devon, Mrs. Palmer, wife of the rev. William Palmer, and niece of the celebrated Mrs. Carter.

At a very advanced age, Mrs. Hill, relict of the late rev. Thomas Hill, at the Close, Salisbury.